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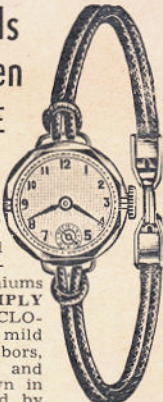
PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

BE
FIRST



Act
Now

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men
WE ARE
RELIABLE



OUR 57th YEAR
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Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

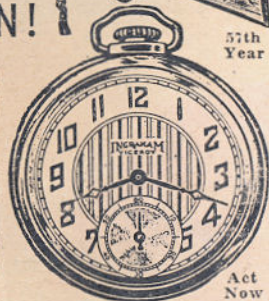
WE ARE
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!
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57th
Year

Act
Now

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BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN



57th
Year

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Our
57th
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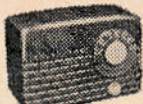
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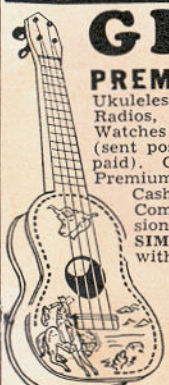


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OUR
57th
YEAR

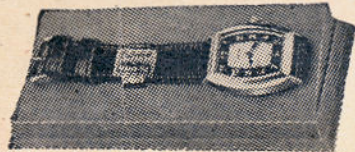
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Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist, Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **Simply Give** pictures with

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MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:-Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone..... No..... State.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

DANNY DANGER



WERE YOU EVER SWAMPED BY A BLIZZARD OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS-- ONLY TO FIND THEY LED TO A GIRL YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE-- A GIRL WITH WHOM YOU WERE LINED UP FOR A DATE WITH DEATH? THAT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT HAPPENS TO **DANNY DANGER**-- THE JET-PROPELLED PRIVATE EYE WHOSE CASES WAVER PERILOUSLY BETWEEN ROMANCE AND HOMICIDE!

ONE AFTERNOON--WHILE THE CITY STAGES A WILD WELCOME TO A RETURNING HERO--

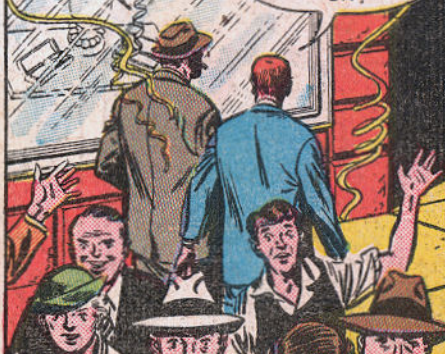
WHY SO SURLY, INSPECTOR GRAVEL? THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR PICKPOCKETS-- AND **THEY'RE** JUST ABOUT YOUR SPEED!

BAH! FOUR ARMORED TRUCKS HAVE VANISHED ON SUBURBAN ROADS IN THE PAST TEN DAYS-- THERE'S A COOL QUARTER OF A MILLION IN CASH INVOLVED-- **AND WHAT HAPPENS?**

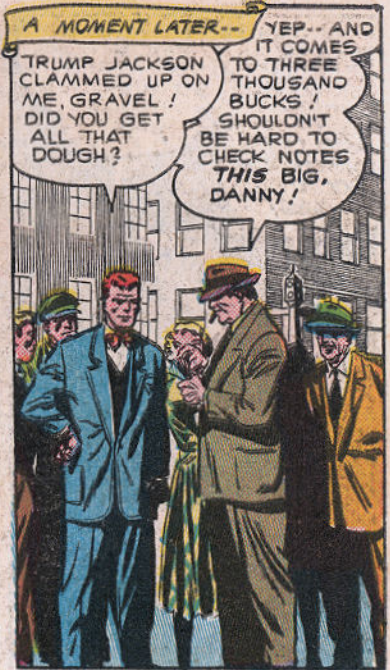
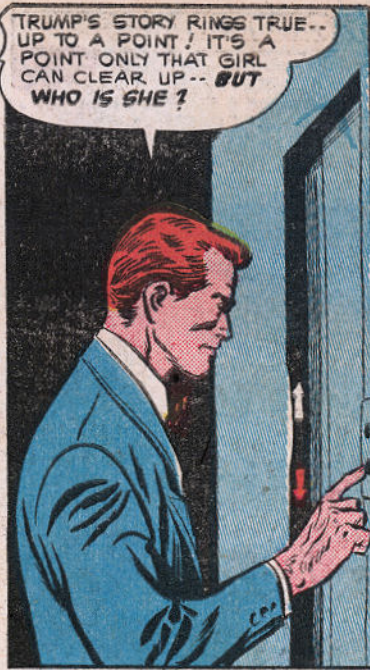
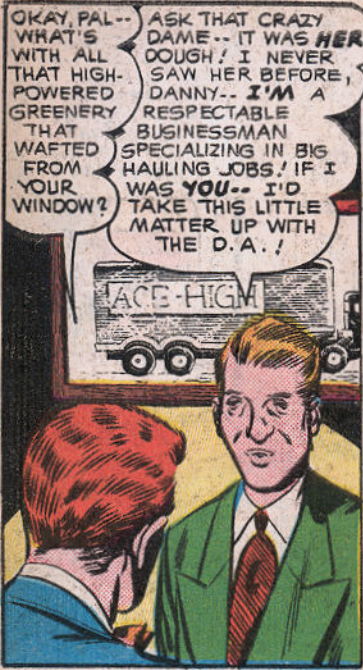


INSTEAD OF ASSIGNING THE ENTIRE FORCE TO CRACK THE CASE-- I'VE GOT TO DETAIL THREE HUNDRED COPS TO **PARADE DUTY!**

JUST BE GLAD YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FARMED OUT TO THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT, FLATFOOT! THAT PAPER'S SWIRLING DOWN BY THE TON!



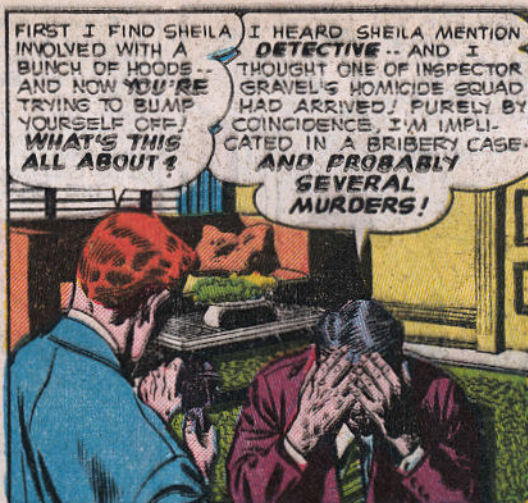








LET'S HAVE IT, D.A.!



FIRST I FIND SHEILA INVOLVED WITH A BUNCH OF HOODS-- AND NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO BUMP YOURSELF OFF! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I HEARD SHEILA MENTION **DETECTIVE**-- AND I THOUGHT ONE OF INSPECTOR GRAVEL'S HOMICIDE SQUAD HAD ARRIVED! PURELY BY COINCIDENCE, I'M IMPLICATED IN A BRIBERY CASE-- AND PROBABLY SEVERAL MURDERS!



SEVERAL DAYS AGO, I RECEIVED A REPORT FROM HIGHWAY PATROLMAN REARDON! HE HAD PASSED AN ARMORED TRUCK ON THE ROAD, THEN, REACHING THE END OF HIS PATROL A MILE BEYOND, HE TURNED BACK! THE ARMORED CAR WAS GONE--AND WHILE REARDON TRIED TO FIGURE IT OUT-- A HUGE TRAILER ROLLED BY-- **MARKED ACE HIGH TRUCKING CO.!**

I WAS **WONDERING** WHEN TRUMP JACKSON WOULD START FIGURING IN THIS CASE!

I WENT TO SEE JACKSON PERSONALLY! HE PRE-TENDED HE HAD EVIDENCE LINKING HIS OWN MEN WITH THE MISSING ARMORED CARS-- AND GAVE ME A THICK ENVELOPE! I HAD PROMISED NOT TO OPEN IT FOR SIX HOURS--TRUMP SAID THAT WOULD GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO PROTECT HIMSELF BY GOING INTO HIDING!

THAT'S AN **OLD** ANGLE, D.A. I SUPPOSE THE ENVELOPE CONTAINED A **BRIBE**-- AND THE SIX-HOUR WAIT MEANT THAT YOU OPENED IT **UNOFFICIALLY-- IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR HOME!**

EXACTLY-- AND YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW THAT WOULD LOOK IN AN INVESTIGATION-- ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN THE MISSING ARMORED CAR GUARDS ARE **DEAD!**



IT'S BEGINNING TO ADD UP! THAT MONEY WAS DEFINITELY A HOT POTATO-- SO YOU TRIED TO FIX THINGS BY RETURNING IT TO TRUMP JACKSON!

I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TELL HIM WHO I WAS! I GOT PANICKY WHEN I THREW THE MONEY ON HIS DESK-- AND THE **ELECTRIC FAN BLEW IT OUT THE WINDOW!**



IT WAGN'T VERY BRIGHT OF ME TO SNATCH THE MONEY FROM INSPECTOR GRAVEL-- BUT I **HAD TO!** OTHERWISE, A CHECK OF THE SERIAL NUMBERS MIGHT INVOLVE FATHER IN THE ARMORED TRUCK ROBBERIES!



OKAY FOR YOU NICE PEOPLE TO LET YOUR HAIR DOWN-- BUT GET YOUR HANDS UP!

TRUMP JACKSON!

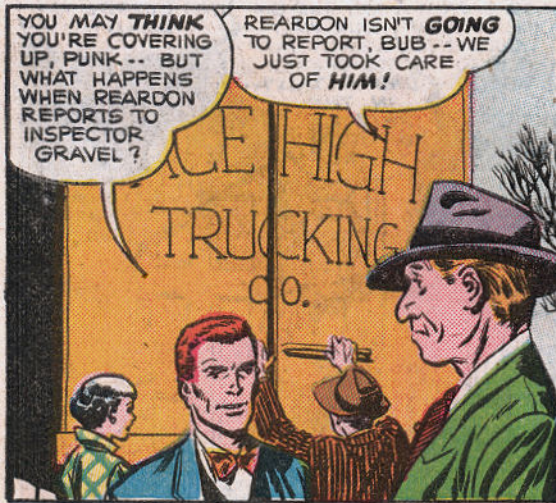


A SMART SNOOPER LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED US, DANNY! I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU EAGER BEAVERS HOW I OPERATE-- AND THEN YOU CAN STOP WONDERING ABOUT THOSE ARMORED CAR GUARDS-- BECAUSE I'M GETTING RID OF YOU THE SAME WAY!



I'LL LEAVE EDDIE HERE -- TO FIND THAT DOUGH SHE GRABBED FROM GRAVEL!

GET MOVING, DANGER-- BEFORE I BOUNCE THIS GAT OFF YOUR HEAD!



YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE COVERING UP, PUNK-- BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN REARDON REPORTS TO INSPECTOR GRAVEL?

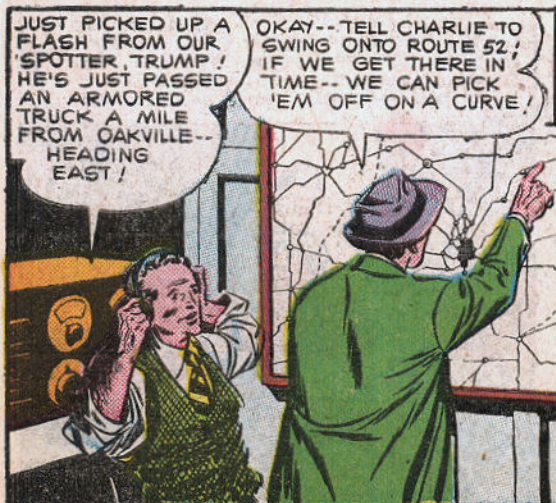
REARDON ISN'T GOING TO REPORT, BUB -- WE JUST TOOK CARE OF HIM!



SOON AFTERWARD-- AS THE HUGE TRAILER SPEEDS ALONG A SUBURBAN HIGHWAY--

QUITE A SETUP, TRUMP! IN FACT, YOU SEEM COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR A SUCCESSFUL CAREER-- EXCEPT FOR AN ELECTRIC CHAIR!

YOU'RE A REAL COMIC, DANGER-- CONSIDERING THAT YOU AND THE OTHERS ARE GETTING THE BUMP IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!



JUST PICKED UP A FLASH FROM OUR SPOTTER, TRUMP! HE'S JUST PASSED AN ARMORED TRUCK A MILE FROM OAKVILLE-- HEADING EAST!

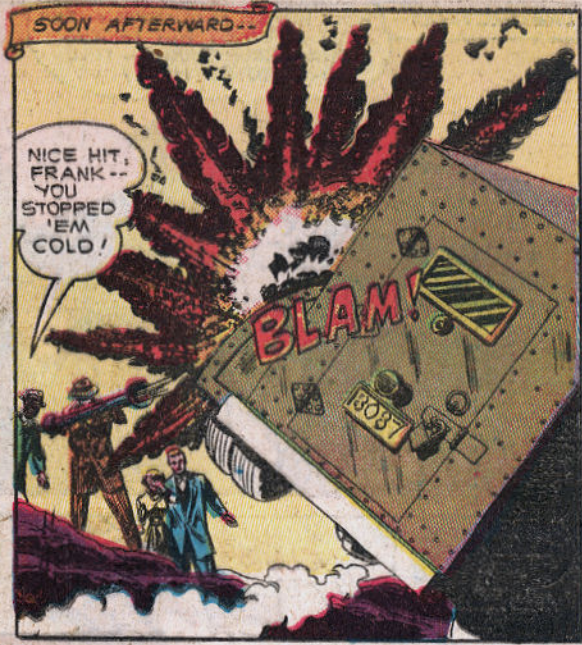
OKAY-- TELL CHARLIE TO SWING ONTO ROUTE 52! IF WE GET THERE IN TIME-- WE CAN PICK 'EM OFF ON A CURVE!





A BAZOOKA!

NATCH! WE DON'T USE ANYTHING AS OLD-HAT AND TIME-CONSUMING AS A TOMMY GUN WITH ARMOR-PIERCING BULLETS!



SOON AFTERWARD--

NICE HIT, FRANK-- YOU STOPPED 'EM COLD!

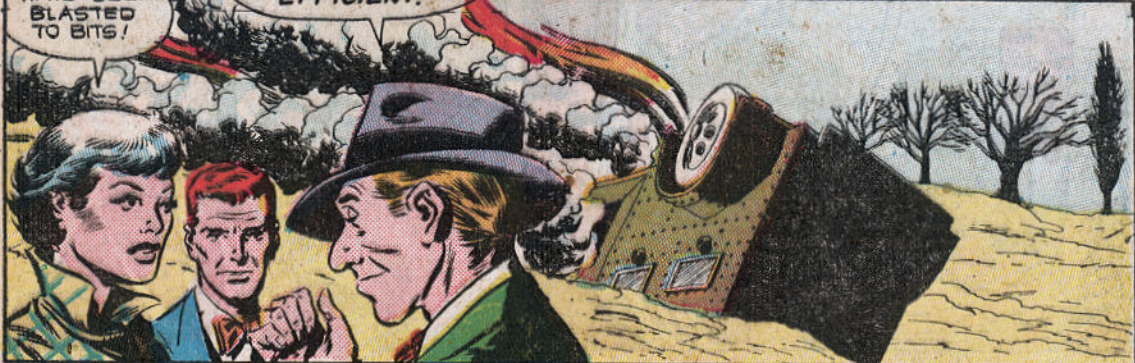
BLAM!

3037

AS THE TRAILER TRUCK BACKS TOWARD IT CRIPPLED QUARRY--

THIS IS AWFUL! THE GUARDS AND DRIVER MUST HAVE BEEN BLASTED TO BITS!

IT IS A LITTLE MESSY, SWEETHEART-- BUT YOU CAN'T SAY IT ISN'T EFFICIENT!



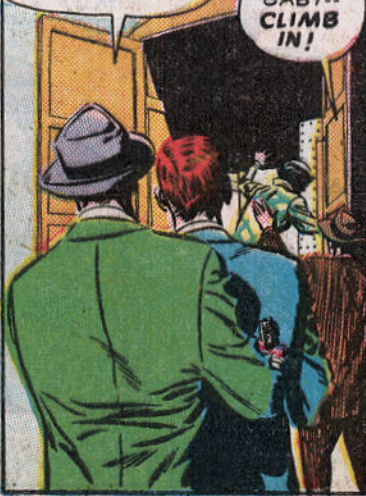
IN LESS THAN A MINUTE--

I'VE COME ACROSS MANY A RUTHLESS GANG, DANNY-- BUT THIS PACK OF HYENAS TOPS THEM ALL!

THEY'RE BOUND TO SLIP UP SOMEWHERE, D.A.! FOR INSTANCE-- IT ISN'T EASY TO DISPOSE OF SOMETHING AS BIG AS AN ARMORED TRUCK WITHOUT LEAVING A CLUE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THAT, CHUM-- WHEN WE REACH MY HIDEOUT AT POINT HAZARD! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GETTING RID OF THE ARMORED TRUCK-- WITH THREE PASSENGERS!

OKAY, BABY-- CLIMB IN!

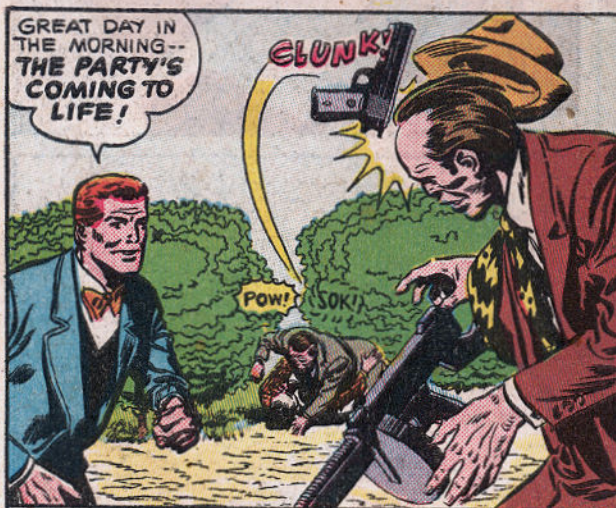
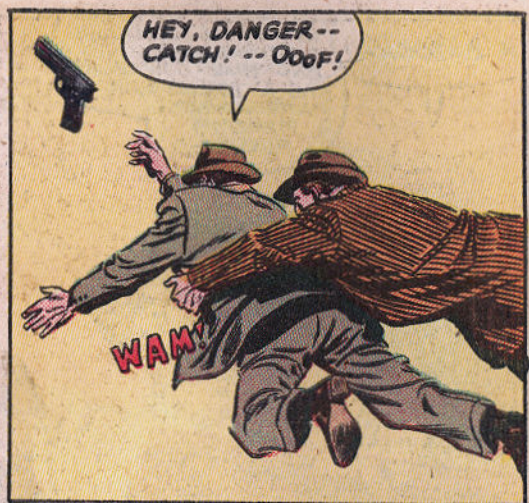
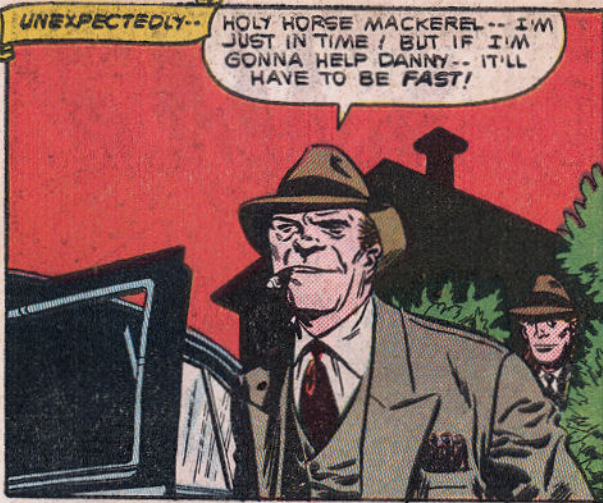


AN HOUR LATER--

GOOD HEAVENS, DANNY-- THEY'RE GOING TO SEND THE TRUCK OVER THE CLIFF-- WITH US INSIDE!

RIGHT! NOW THAT WE'VE UNLOADED THE MONEY-- I HATE TO SEE THE PLACE CLUTTERED UP WITH ODDS AND ENDS!





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HYPNOTIST vs. HUKS

"**S**ENOR ZUDINI...LOS Hukbalabapés!
Banditos!"

Alicia leaped from her chair in alarm as the high-pitched cry from one of the Filipino boys outside the castle shattered the quiet mountain calm. Running to one of the windows, she looked down upon the steep, jagged slopes of 5,000-foot-high Mount Arayat upon which the ancient Spanish castle had been built.

"Oh, father," Alicia gasped in dismay, "it is a Huk raid! Some fifteen or twenty armed men are crawling up the slopes!"

Behind her, old Zudini sighed wearily. "I expected they would attack us sooner or later," he said. "Too many rumors have spread about how I am spending my fortune to raise the living standards of the Filipino natives in this part of Luzon... the Huks would undoubtedly love to get hold of the remainder of my money to use for their guerilla activities! But I came back to the place where I was born for a reason, Alicia...I wanted to spend the rest of my days in peace...and no Huk bandits will drive me from here! I will use my knowledge and wisdom against them..."

"Oh, father," Alicia broke in impatiently, "it's true that you were one of the world's greatest hypnotists, and that you made a fortune from your gifts in appearances all over the world...but surely you don't think *hypnotism* is a weapon against fanatical bandits!"

"Do as I say, child," Zudini said calmly. "Tell all our Filipinos outside to enter the castle, bolt the doors behind them, and then assemble in the west tower. I will meet them there."

When the front door finally shattered open under the impact of the battering ram, Zudini and Alicia were waiting for the Huks who poured into the castle.

"You were wise not to put up any resistance against us," the Huk leader snarled. "Now do not try any tricks... just lead us to the place where your servants are hiding. First we will slaughter them, and then you...unless you reveal the hiding place of your fortune!"

"I will do as you say," Zudini said quietly. "Follow me, please...but you won't have to kill my servants. They all took *poison* when they realized resistance against you was useless!"

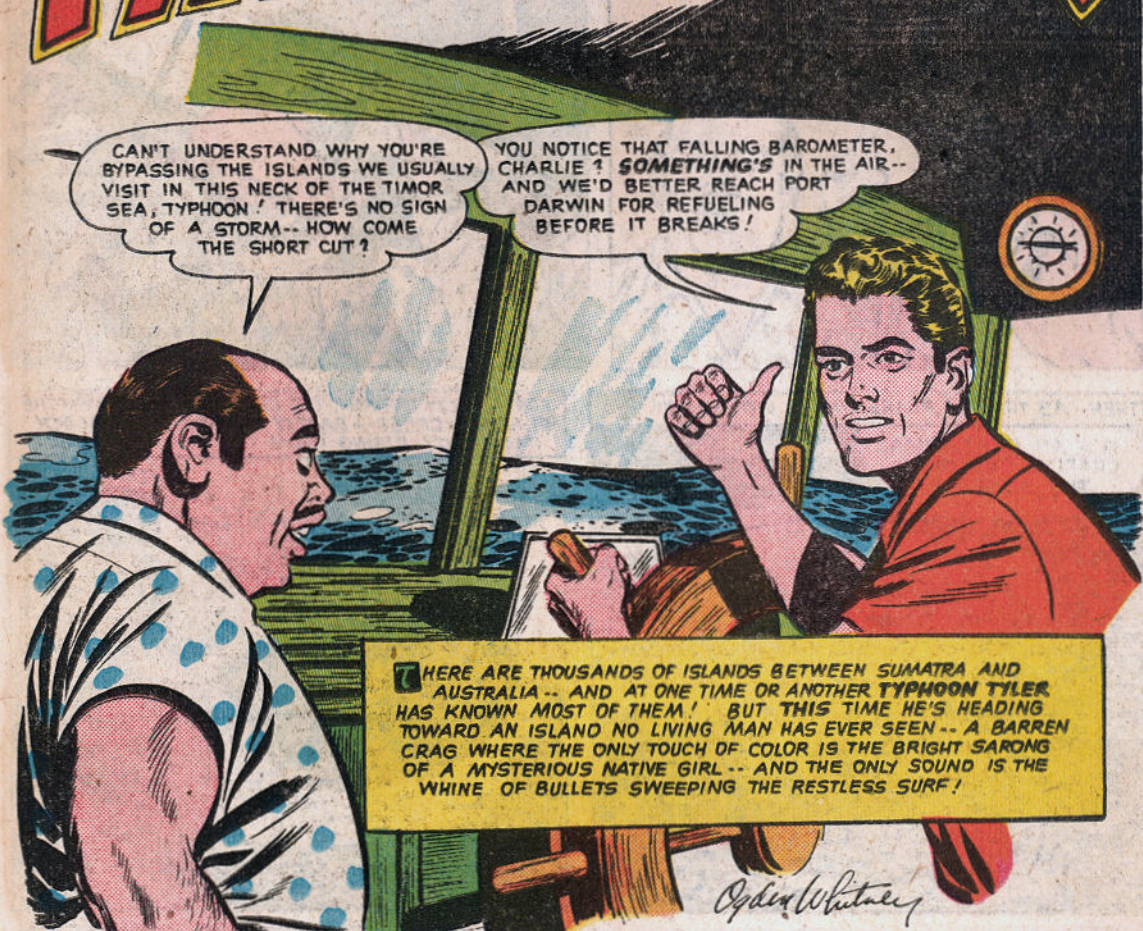
Minutes later, the Huks crowded into the west tower, staring wonderingly at the stiff, contorted bodies of the Filipinos on the floor. The Huk leader bent down suspiciously to feel the pulse of the nearest corpse, but stood up in a moment. "Dead," he grinned, "as cold and dead and stiff as a stone. But now, *senor*," the Huk leader added, jabbing his pistol into Alicia's back, "show us where your fortune is hidden...or the girl dies next!"

"All my money is in this secret vault," Zudini said, pressing a button on the side of the tower wall. The walls ponderously slid inward...and the Huks greedily poured inside.

"*Awake from the dead!*" Zudini shouted, clapping his hands sharply. Instantly, the corpses on the floor leaped up, daggers appearing in their hands, falling upon the Huks, who seemed to be paralyzed with terror at the sight of living dead men!

Later, Zudini said, "No, do not pursue the few who escaped...they will tell the others to beware the man who can awaken the dead. Fortunately, they have no idea that *hypnotism* can induce a form of cataleptic trance that is indistinguishable from death...until the corpse revives at a prearranged signal!"

TYPHOON TYLER

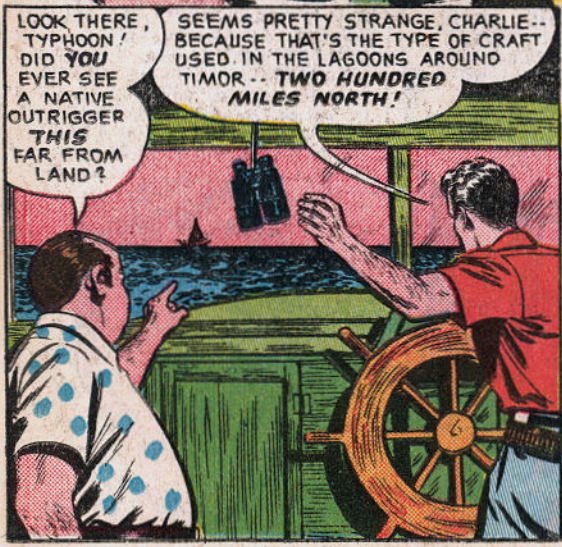


CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE BYPASSING THE ISLANDS WE USUALLY VISIT IN THIS NECK OF THE TIMOR SEA, TYPHOON! THERE'S NO SIGN OF A STORM-- HOW COME THE SHORT CUT?

YOU NOTICE THAT FALLING BAROMETER, CHARLIE? **SOMETHING'S** IN THE AIR-- AND WE'D BETTER REACH PORT DARWIN FOR REFUELING BEFORE IT BREAKS!

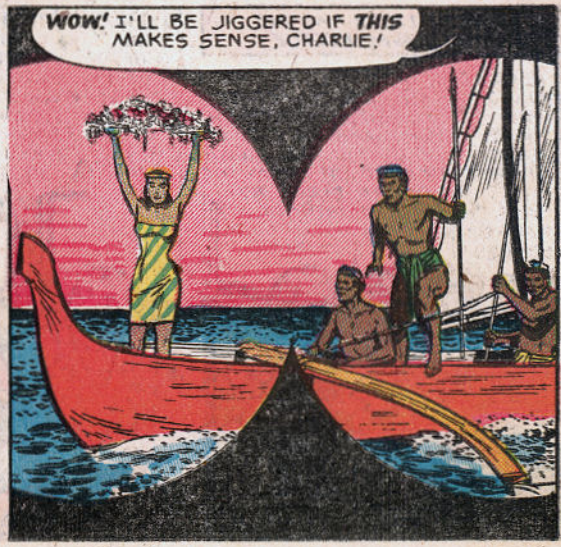
HERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ISLANDS BETWEEN SUMATRA AND AUSTRALIA -- AND AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER TYPHOON TYLER HAS KNOWN MOST OF THEM! BUT THIS TIME HE'S HEADING TOWARD AN ISLAND NO LIVING MAN HAS EVER SEEN -- A BARREN CRAG WHERE THE ONLY TOUCH OF COLOR IS THE BRIGHT SARONG OF A MYSTERIOUS NATIVE GIRL -- AND THE ONLY SOUND IS THE WHINE OF BULLETS SWEEPING THE RESTLESS SURF!

Ogden Whittaker

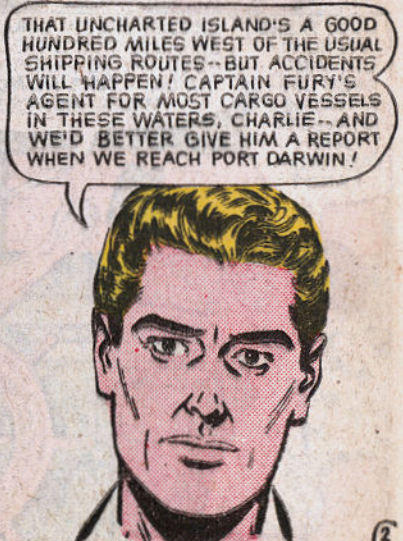
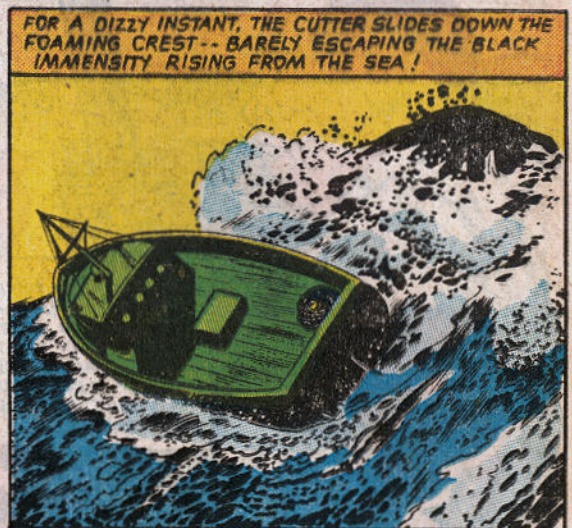
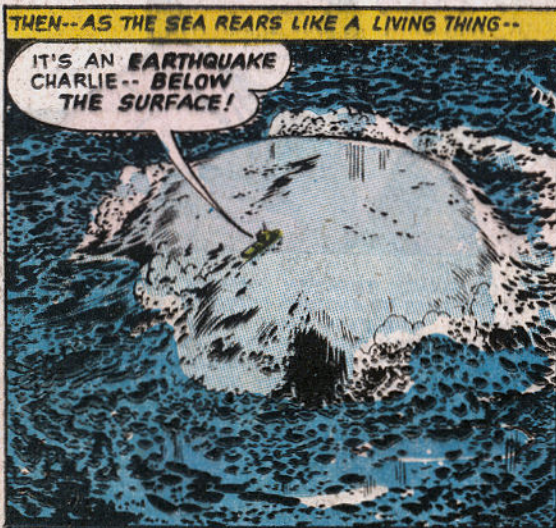
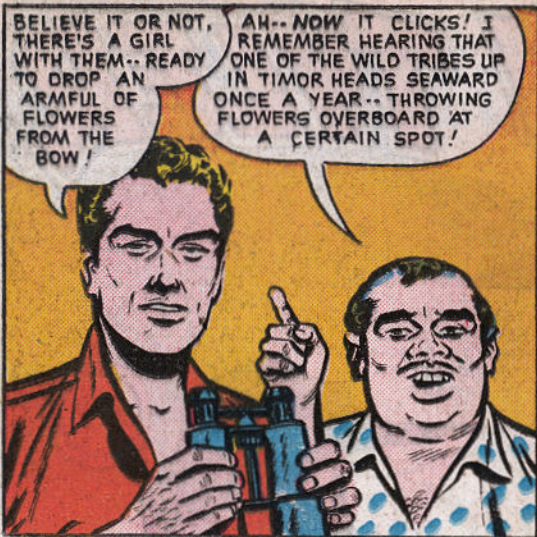


LOOK THERE, TYPHOON! DID YOU EVER SEE A NATIVE OUTRIGGER THIS FAR FROM LAND?

SEEMS PRETTY STRANGE, CHARLIE-- BECAUSE THAT'S THE TYPE OF CRAFT USED IN THE LAGOONS AROUND TIMOR -- TWO HUNDRED MILES NORTH!



WOW! I'LL BE JIGGERED IF THIS MAKES SENSE, CHARLIE!



AT THAT MOMENT-- ON THE FAR SHORE OF THE NEWBORN ISLAND--

THE GODS HAVE BEEN PLEASED WITH OUR OFFERING-- THEY HAVE GIVEN IT BACK TO US! AFTER CENTURIES OF WAITING-- OUR ISLAND HAS RISEN AGAIN FROM THE SEA!

BUT TRADITION SAYS IT MUST NOT BE RESETTLED UNTIL THE FIRST GREEN GROWTH APPEARS! THOSE MEN IN THE PEARLING CRAFT SAW THE ISLAND RISE, DOVANA-- SUPPOSE THEY CLAIM IT?

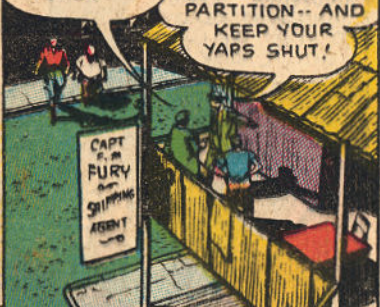


NEVER--NEVER! THE WHITE MEN HAVE SWEEPED THROUGH THE OTHER ISLANDS-- UPROOTING THE PEOPLE-- FORCING THEM TO LABOR IN RICE PADDIES AND GOLD MINES! HERE MOST OF OUR ANCESTORS PERISHED WHEN THE SEA CLOSED IN-- HERE WE WERE DESTINED TO RETURN-- AND WE MUST MAKE SURE NOTHING PREVENTS IT!



NEXT DAY-- IN PORT DARWIN--

YOU'RE MAKING MONEY, FURY-- YOU'VE GONE RESPECTABLE, WITH A BUSINESS FIRM AND ALL! BUT THIS SMUGGLING SIDELINE ISN'T PAYING OFF FOR US-- WITH THE PROFIT ON EVERY LOAD OF CONTRABAND SPLIT TWENTY WAYS!



GREAT GUNS-- GET BEHIND THAT PARTITION-- AND KEEP YOUR YAPS SHUT!

A MOMENT LATER--

TYPHOON TYLER-- AND CUTLASS CHARLIE! I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU BARNACLES WOULD SHOW UP-- WHAT'S NEW?

NOTHING MUCH, FURY-- EXCEPT AN ISLAND! WE WATCHED IT POP UP AROUND 11:18-- RIGHT OUT OF THE SEA!



WHO'S WE? DON'T THINK THAT I'M DOUBTING YOU, TYPHOON-- BUT DID YOU TWO HAVE ANY WITNESSES?

LOOK, CHUM-- OPTICAL ILLUSIONS DON'T COME THAT BIG-- SO YOU'D BETTER WARN YOUR SKIPPERS TO STAY ON COURSE! TELL YOU WHAT-- WE'RE HEADING NORTH AGAIN IN THE MORNING AFTER WE TAKE ON FUEL-- AND I'LL RADIO YOU A CONFIRMATION WHEN WE PASS THE ISLAND!



AFTER TYPHOON AND CHARLIE LEAVE--

A NEW ISLAND, HUH? BUT IT'S BOUND TO BE BARREN AND WORTHLESS, FURY-- HOW COME YOU'RE INTERESTED?

I'M WONDERING-- WONDERING WHAT WE COULD DO WITH THAT ISLAND IF NO ONE KNEW ABOUT IT BUT US! I NEVER DID LIKE TYLER AND HIS FATHEAD FRIEND! SHADOW THEIR BOAT TONIGHT-- WAIT FOR 'EM-- AND GET RID OF 'EM!



HOURS LATER-- AT THE BARRIER REEF HOTEL--

HEY, TYPHOON-- TAKE A LOOK AT THE SILHOUETTE OF THIS OUTRIGGER COMING IN! IF IT ISN'T THE NATIVE CRAFT WE SAW AT THE ISLAND, I'LL EAT A YARD OF OLD ROPE!

YOU'RE BALMY, CHUM! COME ON OUT TO THE COURT WHERE IT'S COOLER-- AND LET'S HAVE SOME BEER!



SOON AFTERWARD--

I KNOW THE WAY THINGS WORK OUT WITH US, MATE-- AND I SAY WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THAT NEW ISLAND! YOU KNOW THAT FEELING WE'D GET IN THE BUSH-- **KNOWING** WE WERE BEING WATCHED-- **KNOWING** SOMETHING WAS READY TO POP? WELL-- I'VE GOT IT **NOW**

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO USUALLY WANTS EXCITEMENT, PAL! ANYWAY, WE'LL BE PULLING OUT AT DAWN IF THE WEATHER HOLDS-- LET'S SEE HOW THE SKY LOOKS!

FIFTEEN FEET ABOVE--

CHARLIE-- WATCH OUT TOPSIDE!

THEN--

WAM!

BANG!

CRACK!

MINUTES LATER-- ALONG THE SHADOWED WATERFRONT--

HERE THEY COME!

HOLD IT, FATHEAD-- CAN'T YOU SEE THOSE NATIVES HAVE 'EM ROUNDED UP? LET'S LEAVE 'EM WELL ENOUGH ALONE-- AND GET OUT OF HERE!

BANG!

AT FURY'S HEADQUARTERS--

I CAN'T GUESS WHY THOSE WARRIORS WOULD COME AFTER TYLER, FURY-- BUT IF THEY'VE TRAVELED THIS FAR-- YOU CAN BET HE'S FINISHED!

GOOD-- THAT GIVES US CLEAR SAILING FOR SOMETHING BIG-- BIGGER THAN SMUGGLING, GET ME-- BIGGER THAN GUN RUNNING! WE'VE GOT TWENTY MEN IN THE SYNDICATE-- AND I WANT EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF 'EM TO REPORT IN THE MORNING!

AS DAWN BURNISHES THE OPEN SEA--

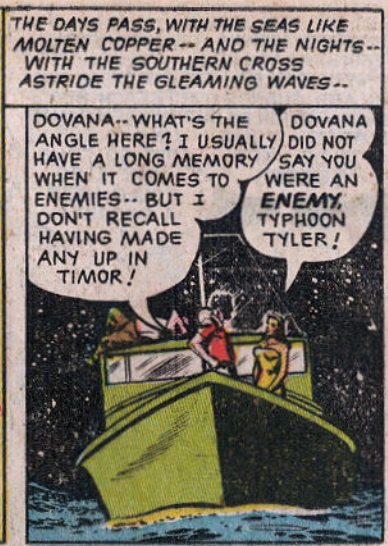
TAKE A LOOK, MUSCLES! I WAS A LITTLE TOO GROGGY LAST NIGHT TO FULLY REALIZE WHERE WE WERE HEADING-- BUT THEY'VE GOT US ON OUR OWN SHIP!

YOU STAY QUIET-- AND MAYBE YOU LIVE UNTIL WE REACH TIMOR!



TIMOR? I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ANGLE IS -- BUT DID YOU NOTICE WE'RE BARELY MAKING HEADWAY! YOU NEED FUEL TO GET PLACES, BABY!

HOW DOES SAILING SHIP GET PLACES WITHOUT WIND? IT DRIFT! AND WE DRIFT -- MAYBE TWO WEEKS -- BUT WE GET TO TIMOR!



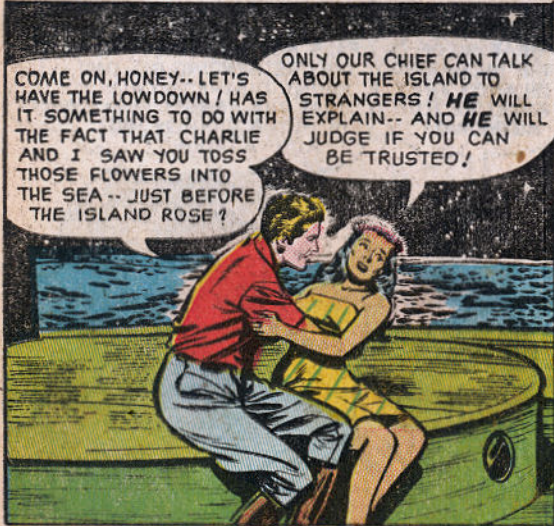
THE DAYS PASS, WITH THE SEAS LIKE MOLTEN COPPER -- AND THE NIGHTS -- WITH THE SOUTHERN CROSS ASTRIDE THE GLEAMING WAVES --

DOVANA -- WHAT'S THE ANGLE HERE? I USUALLY HAVE A LONG MEMORY WHEN IT COMES TO ENEMIES -- BUT I DON'T RECALL HAVING MADE ANY UP IN TIMOR!

DOVANA DID NOT SAY YOU WERE AN ENEMY, TYPHOON TYLER!

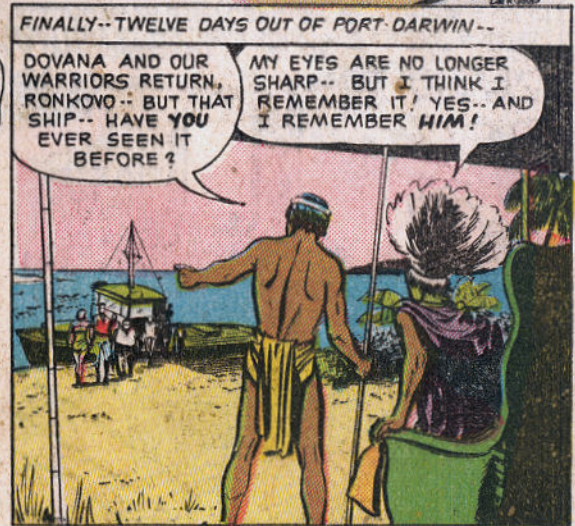


WELL -- THAT'S A HELP!



COME ON, HONEY -- LET'S HAVE THE LOWDOWN / HAS IT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT CHARLIE AND I SAW YOU TOSS THOSE FLOWERS INTO THE SEA -- JUST BEFORE THE ISLAND ROSE?

ONLY OUR CHIEF CAN TALK ABOUT THE ISLAND TO STRANGERS! HE WILL EXPLAIN -- AND HE WILL JUDGE IF YOU CAN BE TRUSTED!



FINALLY -- TWELVE DAYS OUT OF PORT DARWIN --

DOVANA AND OUR WARRIORS RETURN, RONKOVO -- BUT THAT SHIP -- HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT BEFORE?

MY EYES ARE NO LONGER SHARP -- BUT I THINK I REMEMBER IT! YES -- AND I REMEMBER HIM!



LOOK WELL, TYPHOON TYLER! CAN YOU RECALL THE NAME OF AN OLD FRIEND?

RONKOVO! MY GOSH, CHARLIE -- HERE'S THE CHIEF WHO STEERED ME TO MY FIRST BIG PEARL STRIKE IN THE AREFURA SEA -- TEN YEARS AGO!

WE BLUNDERED, RONKOVO -- WE BROUGHT YOUR FRIEND TO TIMOR AS A CAPTIVE! BUT TO US HE WAS A STRANGER -- SOMEONE WHO MIGHT ROB US OF OUR DESTINY, RONKOVO -- BECAUSE THE SEA HAS YIELDED OUR ISLAND!

TODAY -- THE GODS SMILE! I HAVE WAITED TEN YEARS TO SEE TYPHOON TYLER -- AND FOR OUR ISLAND -- I HAVE WAITED A LIFETIME!



SO THAT EXPLAINS THOSE YEARLY OFFERINGS OF FLOWERS! THEY WERE DROPPED INTO THE SEA AT THE SPOT WHERE THE ISLAND SANK!

CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT MEANS TO US? HERE IN TIMOR WE ARE STRANGERS AND OUTCASTS-- BUT NOW WE CAN LEAVE-- AND KNOW WE ONCE MORE HAVE A HOME!

DO NOT FEEL BITTER TOWARD DOVANA FOR BRINGING YOU HERE, TYPHOON TYLER! THE ISLAND GUARDS OUR PAST-- IT HOLDS OUR FUTURE-- IT HAD TO BE KEPT SECRET

CHARLIE-- I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THOSE TWO BEACH BUMS WEREN'T WAITING TO RUB US OUT SO SOMEONE ELSE COULD KEEP A SECRET!

BUT WHO? WE DIDN'T TELL ANYBODY BUT FURY!

RIGHT! FURY-- THE ONE MAN IN PORT DARWIN WHO KNOWS WHEN CARGO SHIPS ARE CROSSING THE TIMOR SEA-- AND WHAT THEY'RE CARRYING! COME ON, BUD-- WE'RE PUTTING THAT MUSCLE TO WORK ON THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR-- WHILE I FIDDLE WITH THE RADIO!

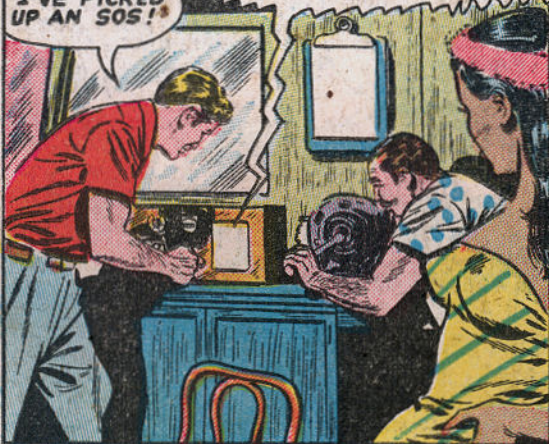


KEEP TURNING-- POWER'S MIGHTY WEAK-- BUT I'VE PICKED UP AN SOS!

WE NEED HELP IMMEDIATELY ... OUR POSITION IS LATITUDE 11° 18' ... LONGITUDE 124° 7'!

YE GODS!-- THAT'S THE BEARING OF THE UNCHARTED ISLAND! THEY MUST'VE RUN AGROUND!

NOT YET, KNUCKLEHEAD! THAT SOS IS FROM FURY! HE AND HIS PALS ARE ON THE ISLAND-- AND THEY'RE SENDING OUT THAT PHONY DISTRESS CALL SO THAT THE VESSEL FURY KNOWS IS IN THE VICINITY WILL RUN AGROUND!



RONKOVO, YOUR OUTRIGGER CRAFT ARE FAST, IF WE GET MOVING NOW, WE MAY BE ABLE TO REACH THE ISLAND BEFORE THAT VESSEL IS WRECKED!

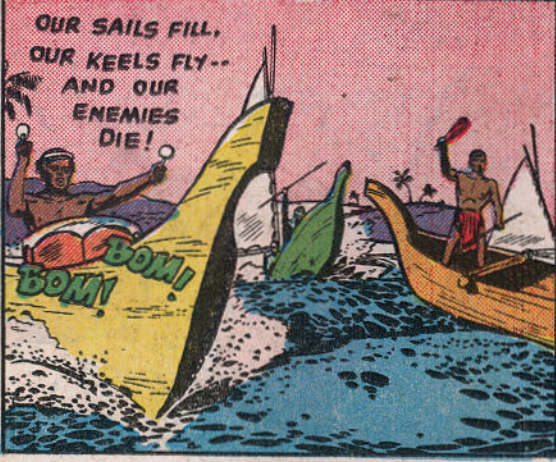
AS A WARRIOR-- I AM MORE THAN READY, MY FRIEND! BUT AS CHIEF-- I MUST UPHOLD OUR ANCIENT TRADITION-- WHICH FORBIDS US TO JOURNEY TO THE ISLAND UNTIL IT IS ONCE MORE GREEN!

BUT OUR TRADITIONS ALSO SAY THAT THE ISLAND WILL RISE FOR US-- NOT FOR A BAND OF LURKING COWARDS WHO WILL USE IT FOR THEIR OWN ENDS! CAN THE GODS OBJECT IF WE SAIL TO PROTECT WHAT IS OURS?

YOU SPEAK WISELY, DOVANA-- WE MUST ACT! WARRIORS-- MAN YOUR FLEET!



WITH THUDDING DRUMS AND A DEEP-THROATED WAR CHANT-- THE BOBBING OUTRIGGERS CUT THROUGH THE SURF!



OUR SAILS FILL,
OUR KEELS FLY--
AND OUR ENEMIES
DIE!

HOURS LATER-- IN A HIDDEN COVE --



YEP-- THAT'S FURY'S YACHT! THEY MUST'VE ALL GONE ASHORE TO WATCH THE INCOMING FREIGHTER-- KEEPING THE YACHT OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL SHE RUNS AGROUND!

WE MUST GO ASHORE WITH SPEARS AND CLUBS-- AND WIPE THEM OUT AS WE WOULD MARAUDING SHARKS!

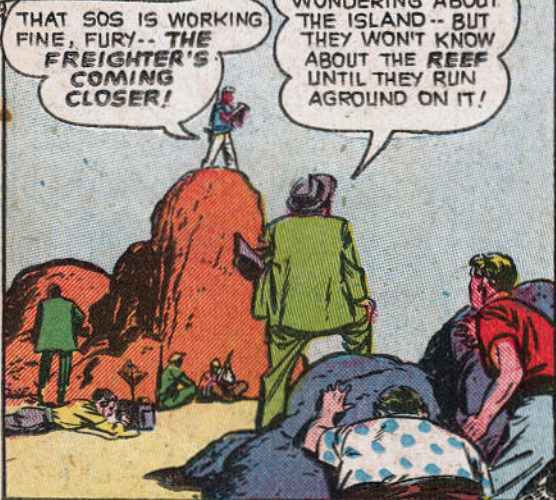
IT ISN'T THAT EASY! FOR ONE THING -- THAT RADIO FURY'S USING IS THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF WHAT HE'S UP TO -- AND HE'LL DESTROY IT FAST IF THERE'S A SHOWDOWN! AND WITHOUT THE RADIO, WE'LL HAVE NO WAY TO WARN THAT FREIGHTER -- SHE'S BOUND TO SMASH INTO THE REEF THAT ROSE WITH THE ISLAND!



LOOK--THE FREIGHTER!

SHE'LL REACH SHALLOW WATER WITHIN HALF AN HOUR! CHARLIE AND I WILL MAKE THE FIRST MOVE, RONKOVO -- KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE SHIP-- WHEN YOU SEE HEAVY BLACK SMOKE RISING FROM THE FUNNEL-- ATTACK!

MINUTES LATER--



THAT SOS IS WORKING FINE, FURY-- THE FREIGHTER'S COMING CLOSER!

THEY'RE PROBABLY WONDERING ABOUT THE ISLAND -- BUT THEY WON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REEF UNTIL THEY RUN AGROUND ON IT!



YOU'RE ON A KIND OF RISKY COURSE YOURSELF, RAT!

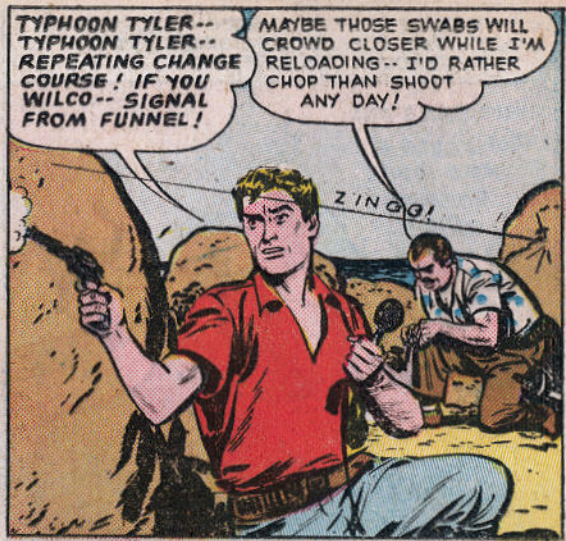
AGHHHH!

POW!

BRANCH



CALLING FREIGHTER-- CALLING FREIGHTER!
DISREGARD THAT SOS AND CHANGE COURSE --
REPEAT-- CHANGE COURSE!



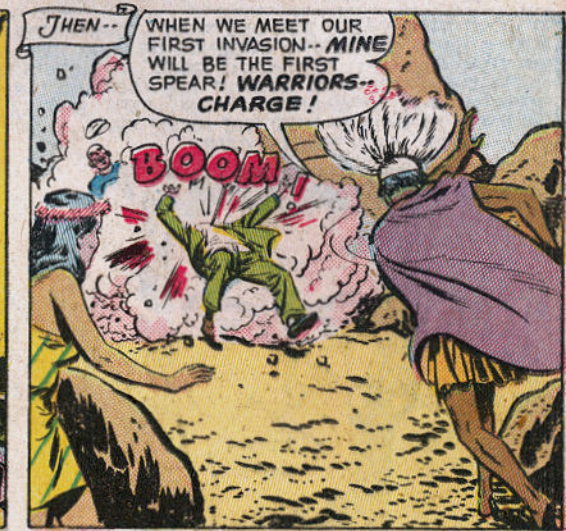
TYPHOON TYLER--
TYPHOON TYLER--
REPEATING CHANGE
COURSE! IF YOU
WILCO-- SIGNAL
FROM FUNNEL!

MAYBE THOSE SWABS WILL
CROWD CLOSER WHILE I'M
RELOADING-- I'D RATHER
CHOP THAN SHOOT
ANY DAY!

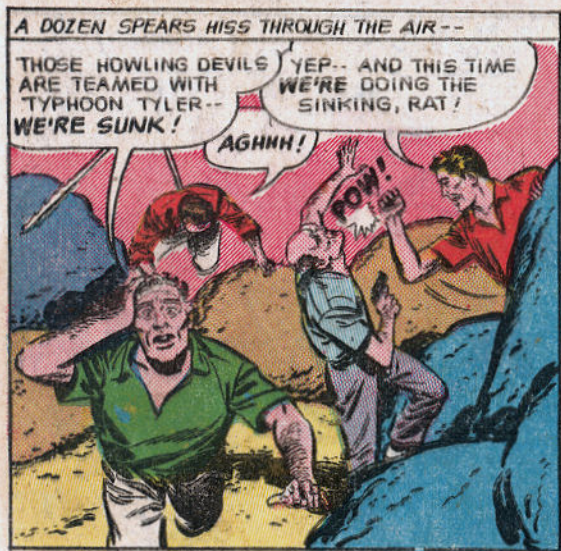


MINUTES LATER--
I DON'T SAVVY! THE
SHIP'S MADE A QUICK
TURN TO PORT. FURY--
AND THERE'S A PUFF
OF BLACK SMOKE
POURING FROM
HER STACK!

THAT'S NO MYSTERY-- WITH
TYLER BARKING INTO THE
RADIO! WE STILL
HAVE
ENOUGH MEN TO BOARD
THEM BY FORCE-- BUT
FIRST-- I'M SETTling
HIS HASH FAST!



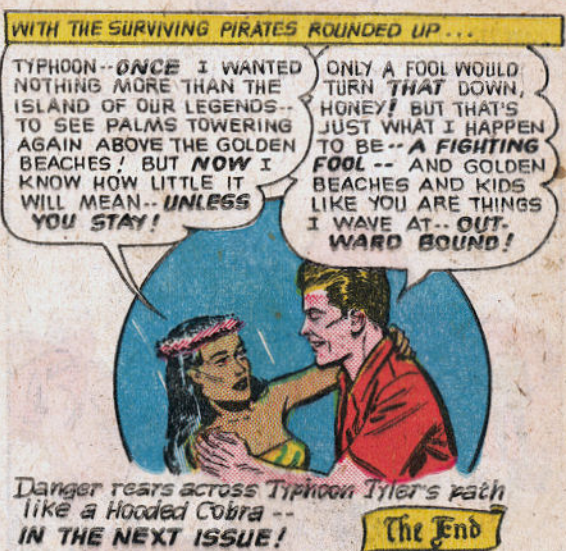
THEN--
WHEN WE MEET OUR
FIRST INVASION-- MINE
WILL BE THE FIRST
SPEAR! WARRIORS--
CHARGE!



A DOZEN SPEARS HISS THROUGH THE AIR --
THOSE HOWLING DEVILS
ARE TEAMED WITH
TYPHOON TYLER--
WE'RE SUNK!

YEP-- AND THIS TIME
WE'RE DOING THE
SINKING, RAT!

AGHHH!



WITH THE SURVIVING PIRATES ROUNDED UP ...
TYPHOON-- ONCE I WANTED
NOTHING MORE THAN THE
ISLAND OF OUR LEGENDS--
TO SEE PALMS TOWERING
AGAIN ABOVE THE GOLDEN
BEACHES! BUT NOW I
KNOW HOW LITTLE IT
WILL MEAN-- UNLESS
YOU STAY!

ONLY A FOOL WOULD
TURN THAT DOWN,
HONEY! BUT THAT'S
JUST WHAT I HAPPEN
TO BE-- A FIGHTING
FOOL -- AND GOLDEN
BEACHES AND KIDS
LIKE YOU ARE THINGS
I WAVE AT-- OUT-
WARD BOUND!

Danger rears across Tiphoo Tyler's path
like a Hooded Cobra --
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The End



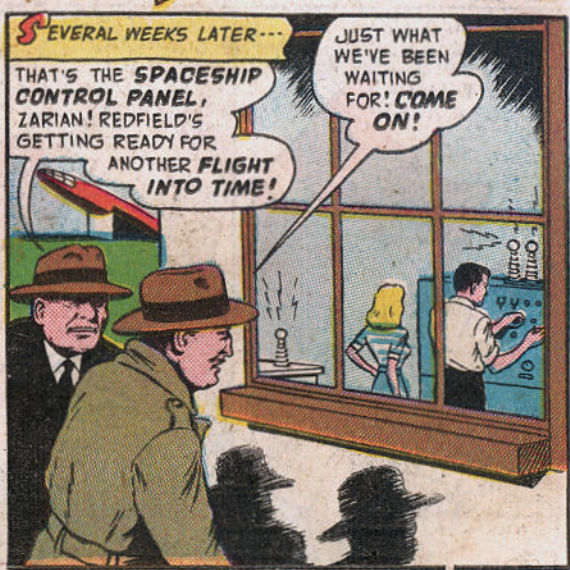
IT MAY BE DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT TIME AND SPACE MERGE INTO A SINGLE DIMENSION--WHEN A MOVING BODY REACHES A SPEED OF **THREE THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE!** DR. TOM REDFIELD HAS BUILT A SPACESHIP FAST ENOUGH TO REACH THE OUTER LIMITS OF SPACE--AND **THERE** THE PAST BEGINS TO UNFOLD--ANCIENT LEGENDS BECOME REALITY--AND HISTORY CHANGES INTO A DAZZLING AND PERILOUS ADVENTURE!



AT A SECRET MEETING BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE KREMLIN--THE HIGH PRIESTS OF COMMUNISM DISCUSS A NEW PLOT FOR WORLD DOMINATION!

IT'S A DARING PLAN, COMRADE... BUT IF YOU THINK IT CAN SUCCEED... I'LL ASSIGN MY TWO BEST MEN TO THE MISSION!

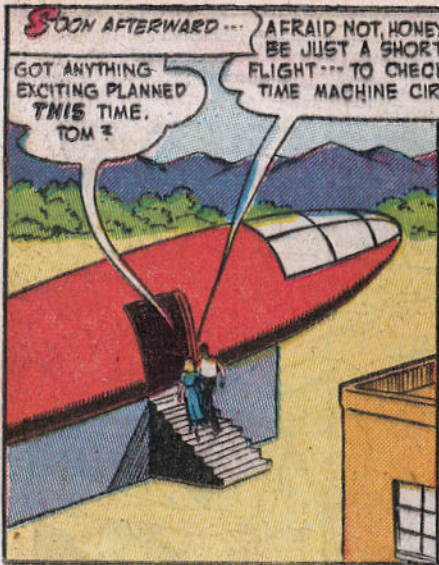
IT MUST SUCCEED! WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, THE ENTIRE WORLD ECONOMY WILL COLLAPSE... AND COMMUNISM WILL RIDE INTO POWER IN A SWEEPING TIDE OF REVOLUTIONS!



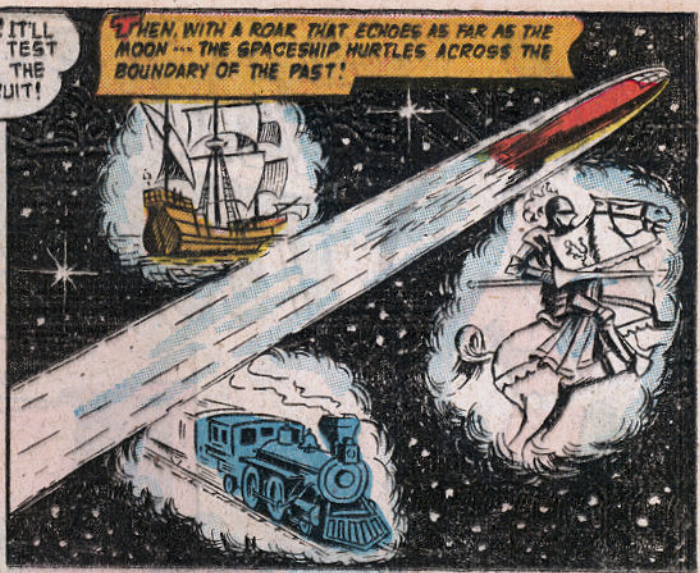
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER--

THAT'S THE SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL, ZARIAN! REDFIELD'S GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER FLIGHT INTO TIME!

JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! COME ON!



AFRAID NOT, HONEY! IT'LL BE JUST A SHORT TEST FLIGHT ... TO CHECK THE TIME MACHINE CIRCUIT!



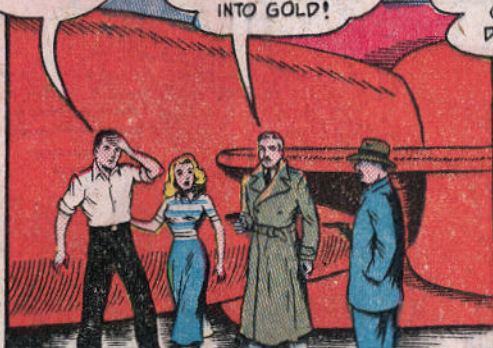
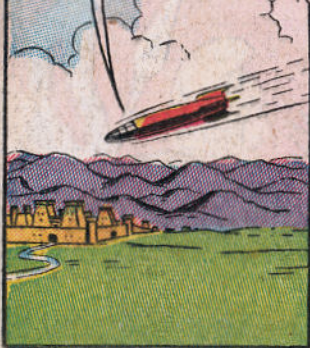
SCANT MINUTES LATER...

WE'RE LANDING, KLUBOV... IN ANCIENT PHRYGIA!

PHRYGIA! NO WONDER YOU RATS WERE INTERESTED IN A SPACE VOYAGE... WE'RE IN THE COUNTRY RULED BY KING MIDAS!

EXACTLY! EXCEPT THAT OUR COMMUNIST SCIENTISTS DON'T BELIEVE THIS SUPERSTITIOUS TOMMYROT THAT THE GODS GAVE MIDAS THE POWER TO CHANGE EVERYTHING HE TOUCHED INTO GOLD!

WE BELIEVE MIDAS HAD A METHOD... A PROCESS WHICH THE ALCHEMISTS LATER TRIED TO REDISCOVER! IF WE CAN LEARN THIS SECRET OF **TRANS-MUTING BASE METALS**... IT WILL MAKE GOLD AS COMMON AS SCRAP IRON! OVERNIGHT, MONEY WILL BE WORTHLESS... AND THAT WILL BE THE END OF THE CAPITALISTIC DEMOCRACIES!



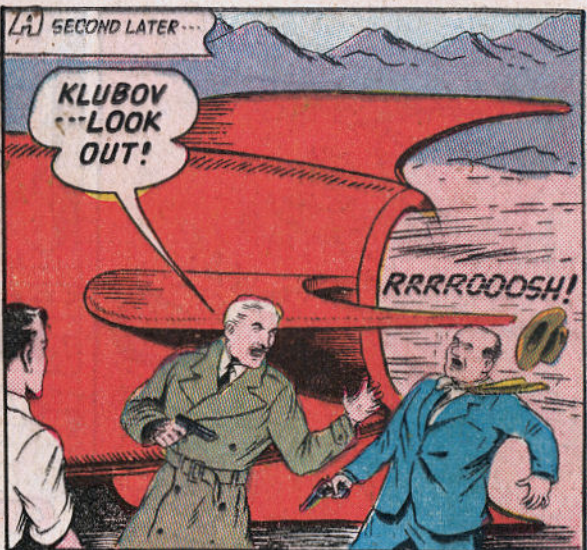
NATURALLY... NEITHER OF YOU IS GETTING OUT OF THE PAST **ALIVE!** KLUBOV AND I EXPECT TO WIN **ANOTHER** MEDAL FOR GAINING CONTROL OF THE SPACESHIP!

GOOD THING THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ELECTRONIC DEVICE... AND THAT IT CAN SWITCH ON THE TURBOJETTS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

LA SECOND LATER...

KLUBOV... LOOK OUT!

RRRRROOSH!



MESSING AROUND WITH A TIME VOYAGE CAN BE DANGEROUS, RAT... FOR EXAMPLE!

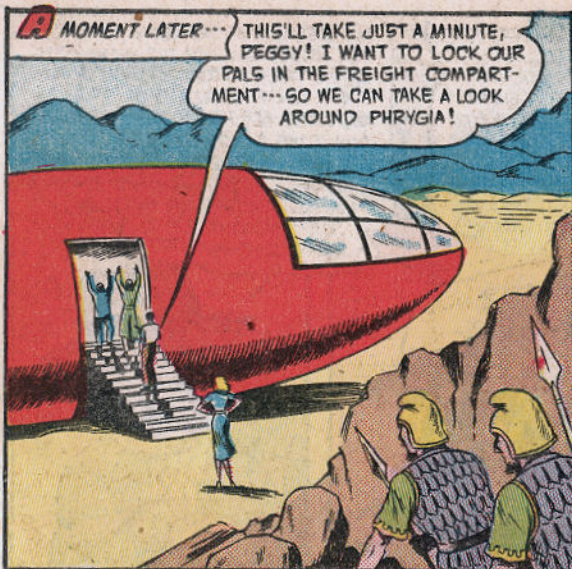
CRACK!

AND HERE'S A CEASE FIRE FOR YOU, COMRADE!

OW!

BANG!





A MOMENT LATER... THIS'LL TAKE JUST A MINUTE, PEGGY! I WANT TO LOCK OUR PALS IN THE FREIGHT COMPARTMENT... SO WE CAN TAKE A LOOK AROUND PHRYGIA!



Then...

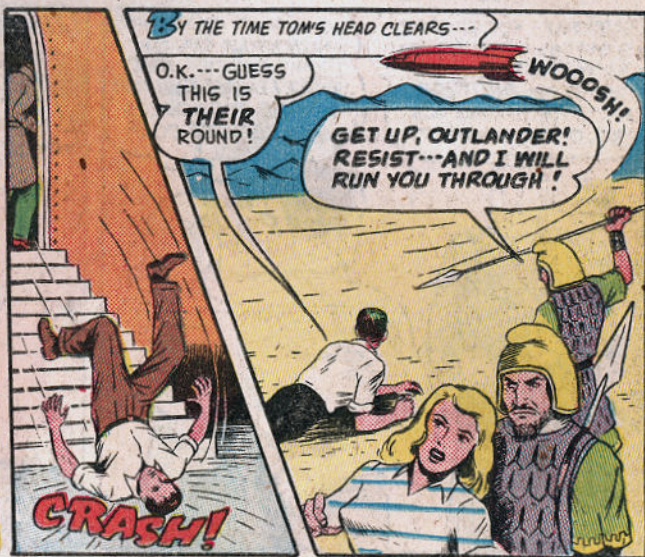
TOM... HELP!

GREAT GUNS... MORE TROUBLE!



AND IT ISN'T OVER YET!

WAM!



BY THE TIME TOM'S HEAD CLEARS...

O.K.... GUESS THIS IS THEIR ROUND!

WOOSH!

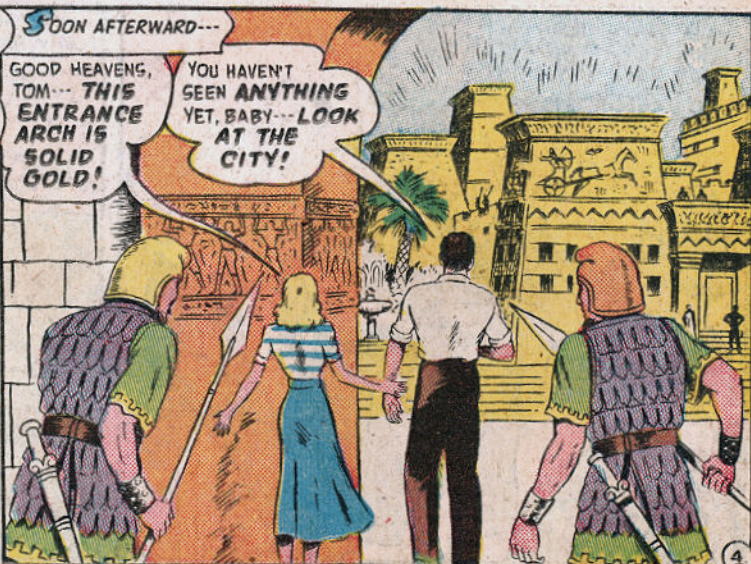
GET UP, OUTLANDER! RESIST... AND I WILL RUN YOU THROUGH!

CRASH!



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE SPACESHIP, HONEY! AS LONG AS I HAVE THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL... I CAN BRING IT BACK ANY TIME!

I'M JUST WONDERING WHETHER WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE, TOM... ONCE WE'RE DRAGGED BEFORE KING MIDAS!



SOON AFTERWARD...

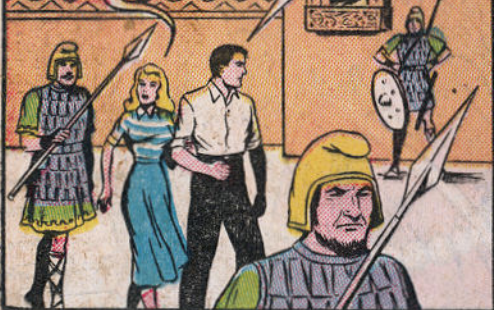
GOOD HEAVENS, TOM... THIS ENTRANCE ARCH IS SOLID GOLD!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, BABY... LOOK AT THE CITY!

IN TIER UPON TIER OF GLITTERING SPLENDOR...

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THE OLD LEGEND ABOUT MIDAS'S TOUCH IS TRUE OR NOT... BUT THERE'S PROBABLY MORE GOLD HERE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD!

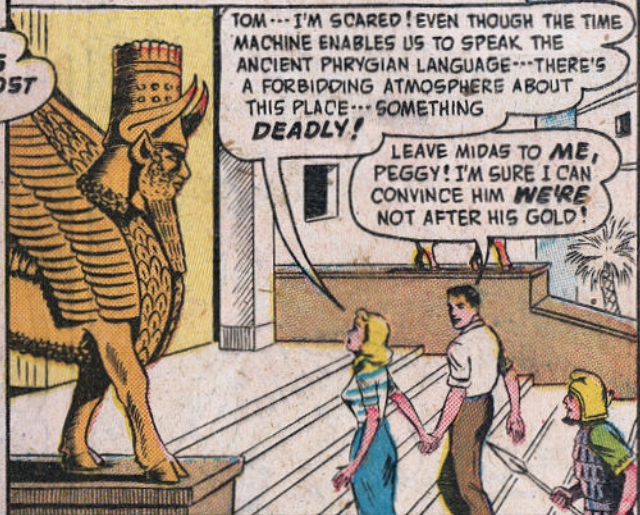
I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE, PEGGY! ASIDE FROM SOLDIERS... THERE ARE ALMOST NO ABLE-BODIED MEN IN THE STREETS!



AT THE GLEAMING PORTALS OF THE ROYAL PALACE...

TOM... I'M SCARED! EVEN THOUGH THE TIME MACHINE ENABLES US TO SPEAK THE ANCIENT PHYRGIAN LANGUAGE... THERE'S A FORBIDDING ATMOSPHERE ABOUT THIS PLACE... SOMETHING DEADLY!

LEAVE MIDAS TO ME, PEGGY! I'M SURE I CAN CONVINCE HIM WE'RE NOT AFTER HIS GOLD!



MIDAS! NOT ANOTHER RULER IN HISTORY COULD MATCH HIS LIMITLESS WEALTH... OR HIS CRUELTY!

YOU SAY YOU ARE VOYAGERS FROM THE FUTURE... BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE OF THAT?

I CAN FORETELL YOUR FUTURE... BECAUSE TO US IT'S HISTORY!

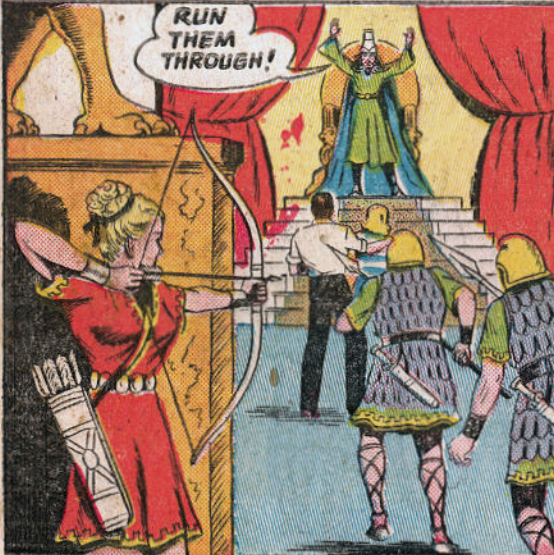


I KNOW THAT YOU'LL TIRE OF YOUR GOLD... AND THEN YOU'LL GO TO THE PACTOLUS RIVER...

THE PACTOLUS! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY YOU COULD HAVE LEARNED ABOUT THAT... A SECRET I SHARE ONLY WITH MY HIGHEST OFFICERS! YOU ARE SPIES... YOU HAVE COME TO AROUSE THE PEOPLE... AND OVERTHROW MY RULE!

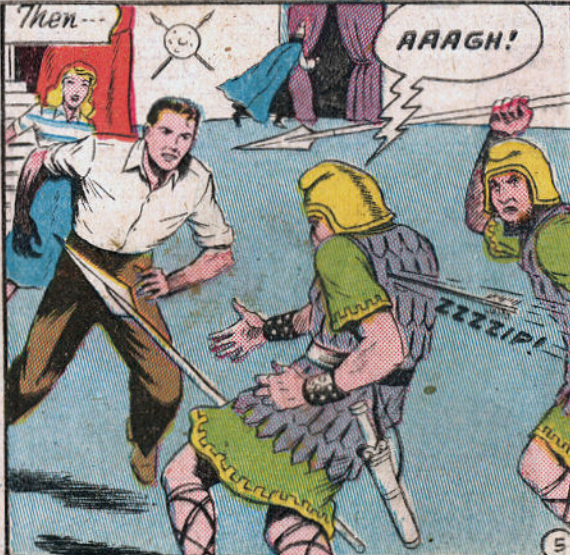


RUN THEM THROUGH!



Then...

AAAGH!



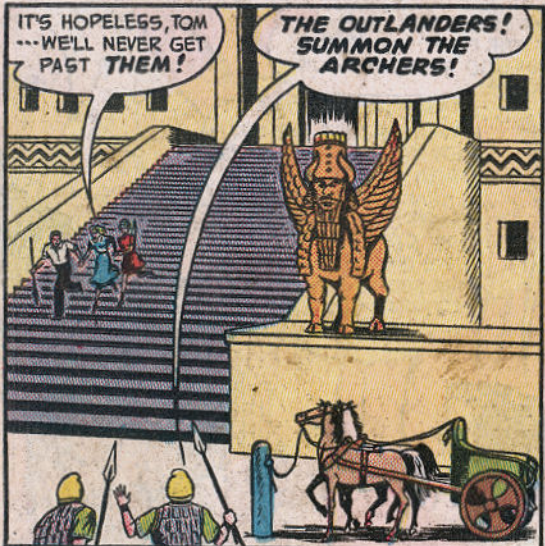


HERE'S OUR CHANCE, PEGGY... GET GOING!

AARGH!

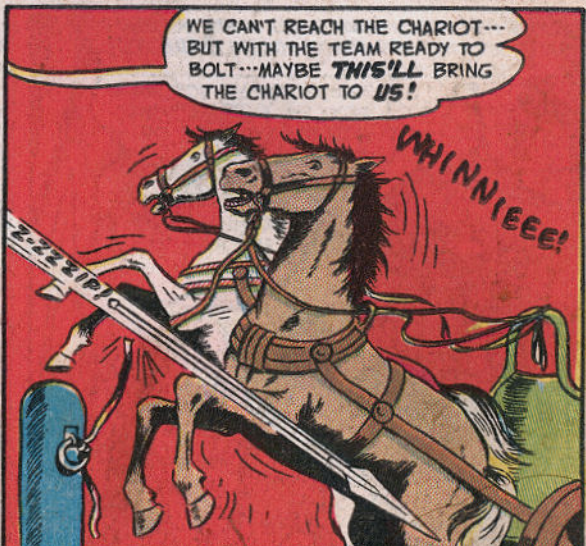


COME ON, HONEY! I CAN'T GUESS WHY YOU HELPED US... BUT FROM NOW ON WE'D BETTER BE A TEAM!



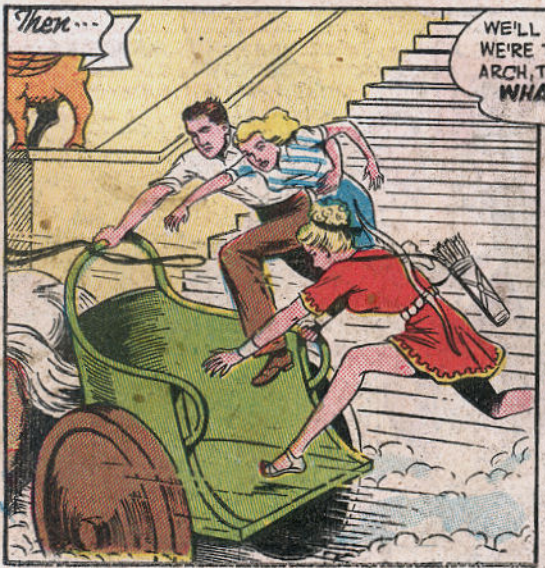
IT'S HOPELESS, TOM... WE'LL NEVER GET PAST THEM!

THE OUTLANDERS! SUMMON THE ARCHERS!



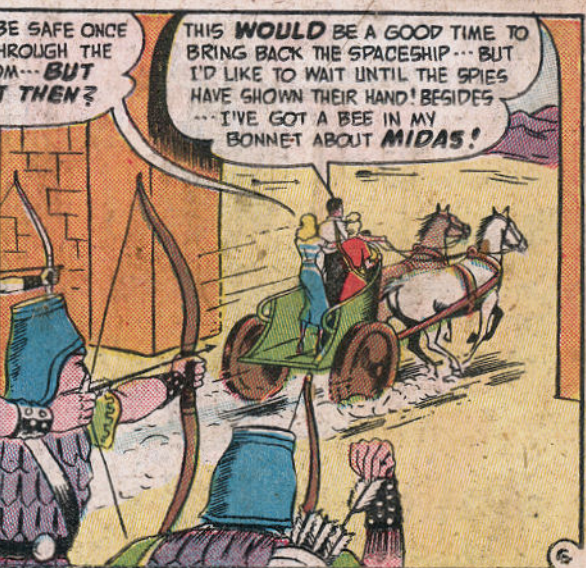
WE CAN'T REACH THE CHARIOT... BUT WITH THE TEAM READY TO BOLT... MAYBE THIS'LL BRING THE CHARIOT TO US!

WHINNIEEE!



Then...

WE'LL BE SAFE ONCE WE'RE THROUGH THE ARCH, TOM... BUT WHAT THEN?



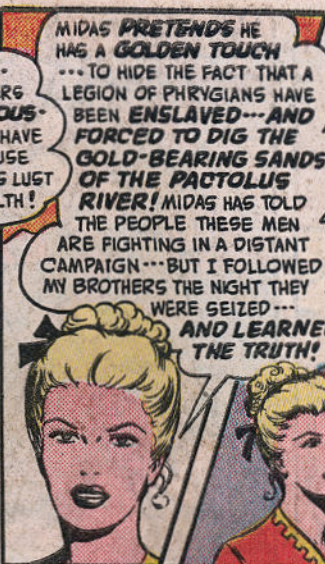
THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO BRING BACK THE SPACESHIP... BUT I'D LIKE TO WAIT UNTIL THE SPIES HAVE SHOWN THEIR HAND! BESIDES... I'VE GOT A BEE IN MY BONNET ABOUT MIDAS!



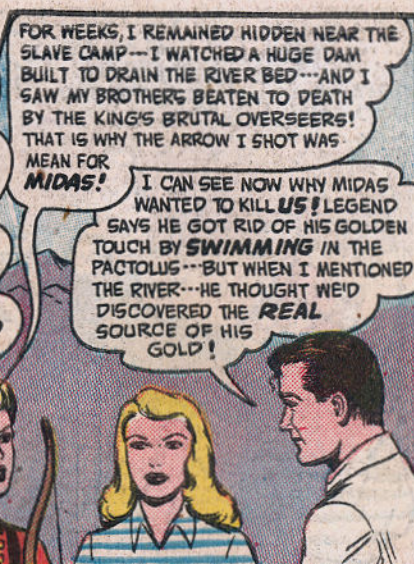
SEVERAL MILES FROM THE CITY...

I CAN SEE NOW WHY MIDAS IS AFRAID OF REVOLT! WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS KYRA... AND MY TWO BROTHERS ARE AMONG THE THOUSANDS WHO HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF MIDAS'S LUST FOR WEALTH!

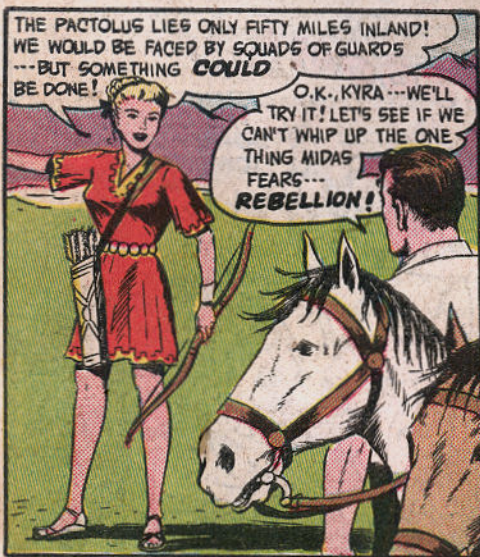


MIDAS PRETENDS HE HAS A GOLDEN TOUCH... TO HIDE THE FACT THAT A LEGION OF PHRYGIANS HAVE BEEN ENSLAVED... AND FORCED TO DIG THE GOLD-BEARING SANDS OF THE PACTOLUS RIVER! MIDAS HAS TOLD THE PEOPLE THESE MEN ARE FIGHTING IN A DISTANT CAMPAIGN... BUT I FOLLOWED MY BROTHERS THE NIGHT THEY WERE SEIZED... AND LEARNED THE TRUTH!



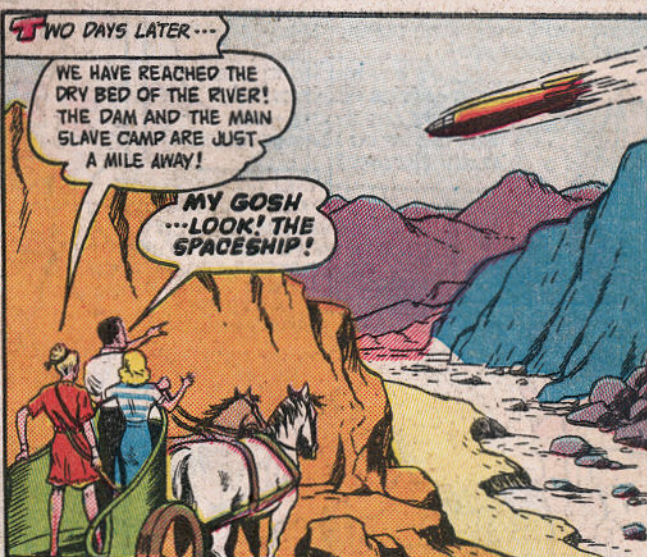
FOR WEEKS, I REMAINED HIDDEN NEAR THE SLAVE CAMP... I WATCHED A HUGE DAM BUILT TO DRAIN THE RIVER BED... AND I SAW MY BROTHERS BEATEN TO DEATH BY THE KING'S BRUTAL OVERSEERS! THAT IS WHY THE ARROW I SHOT WAS MEAN FOR MIDAS!

I CAN SEE NOW WHY MIDAS WANTED TO KILL US! LEGEND SAYS HE GOT RID OF HIS GOLDEN TOUCH BY SWIMMING IN THE PACTOLUS... BUT WHEN I MENTIONED THE RIVER... HE THOUGHT WE'D DISCOVERED THE REAL SOURCE OF HIS GOLD!



THE PACTOLUS LIES ONLY FIFTY MILES INLAND! WE WOULD BE FACED BY SQUADS OF GUARDS... BUT SOMETHING COULD BE DONE!

O.K., KYRA... WE'LL TRY IT! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T WHIP UP THE ONE THING MIDAS FEARS... REBELLION!



TWO DAYS LATER...

WE HAVE REACHED THE DRY BED OF THE RIVER! THE DAM AND THE MAIN SLAVE CAMP ARE JUST A MILE AWAY!

MY GOSH... LOOK! THE SPACESHIP!



WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THE SPIES ARE LANDING HERE, TOM?

HARD TO SAY... BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD HAVE TOLD THEM THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD FIELD... MIDAS HIMSELF!



A MOMENT LATER...

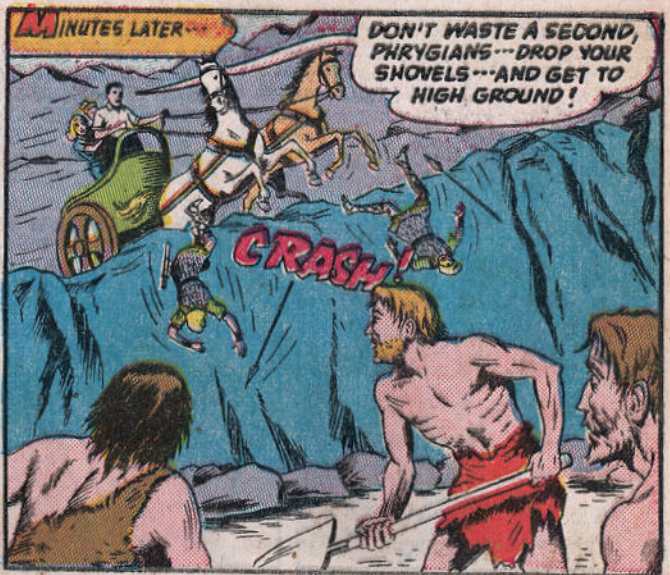
THE KREMLIN HAD THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT WHERE MIDAS'S GOLD CAME FROM... BUT AT LEAST WE'VE MADE A PROFITABLE BARGAIN WITH HIM!

AN EASY BARGAIN, KLUBOV! FIRST, SINCE THE SLAVES ARE REBELLIOUS... WE'LL HELP THE SOLDIERS KILL THEM OFF! THEN WE'LL USE THE SPACESHIP TO BRING MODERN MINING EQUIPMENT TO PHRYGIA... AND SHARE THE GOLD WITH MIDAS!



THEY'RE STARTING OUT FOR THE DAM, TOM! THOSE SLAVES ARE DOOMED!

THEY WON'T BE ...IF WE REACH THERE FIRST! COME ON!



MINUTES LATER...

DON'T WASTE A SECOND, PHRYGIANS... DROP YOUR SHOVELS... AND GET TO HIGH GROUND!

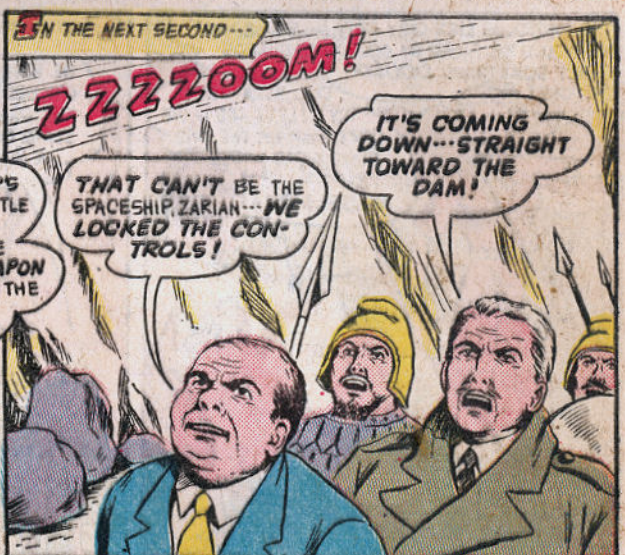
CRASH!



Then... WITH THE HEARING CLANK OF ARMOR ECHOING ALONG THE RIVER BED...

I WAS WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE ON PICKING OFF THE GUARDS ONE BY ONE... BUT WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST HEAVILY-ARMED TROOPS?

KYRA, THE SPACESHIP'S A MILE AWAY... BUT THIS LITTLE DEVICE CAN CONTROL IT! IT'S NOT OFTEN I'M FORCED TO USE THE SPACESHIP AS A WEAPON... BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT MASS MURDER!

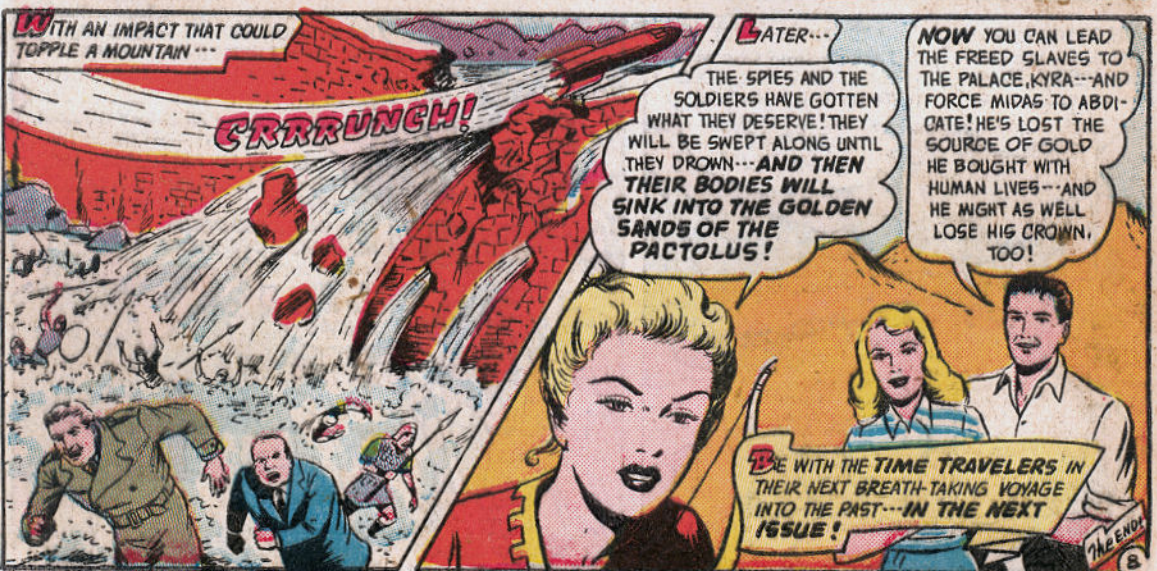


IN THE NEXT SECOND...

ZZZZOOM!

IT'S COMING DOWN... STRAIGHT TOWARD THE DAM!

THAT CAN'T BE THE SPACESHIP ZARIAN... WE LOOKED THE CONTROLS!



WITH AN IMPACT THAT COULD TOPPLE A MOUNTAIN...

CRRRUNCH!

LATER...

THE SPIES AND THE SOLDIERS HAVE GOTTEN WHAT THEY DESERVE! THEY WILL BE SWEEPED ALONG UNTIL THEY DROWN... AND THEN THEIR BODIES WILL SINK INTO THE GOLDEN SANDS OF THE PACTOLUS!

NOW YOU CAN LEAD THE FREED SLAVES TO THE PALACE, KYRA... AND FORCE MIDAS TO ABDICATE! HE'S LOST THE SOURCE OF GOLD HE BOUGHT WITH HUMAN LIVES... AND HE MIGHT AS WELL LOSE HIS CROWN, TOO!

BE WITH THE TIME TRAVELERS IN THEIR NEXT BREATH-TAKING VOYAGE INTO THE PAST... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END 8

RENDEZVOUS in VIENNA

BILL LANGLEY, U.S. Counter-Intelligence operative, crouched in the shadows of an abandoned barn on the outskirts of Vienna, waiting for a traitor.

Somehow, vital secrets had been leaking out of Allied Intelligence Headquarters in Vienna...and Bill suspected that the traitor who was passing those secrets on to the Reds was Karl Wundt, a supposedly anti-Communist German who had volunteered his services to the Allies some months ago. Wundt had claimed that he'd wormed his way high into the Red espionage network, and that he'd be happy to reveal all the Red secrets he knew. The Allied agents had been cautious at first, but every bit of information that Wundt had given them about Red espionage operations had been highly accurate. And gradually, Wundt had come to be trusted as a valuable agent...by all except Bill Langley.

Bill had never voiced his suspicions that Wundt's first loyalty was to the Reds, who might be willing to let the Allies gain some information as long as Wundt could worm his way high into Allied intelligence circles...and eventually pass even more vital Allied secrets on to the Communists. Already, it was known that

the Reds were somehow learning top-secret facts about the Allied counter-espionage system...but Bill couldn't accuse Wundt without proof.

Tonight though, he might have the necessary proof. A few hours before, while Wundt had been in Allied headquarters, Bill had ostentatiously burnt a note in an ash-tray on his desk...and then had hurriedly left. If Wundt really was a Red spy, he'd be sure to assume that Bill had just received top-secret information...and if Wundt had used the ultra-violet lamps in the headquarters lab to find out what the note had said, Bill would soon be meeting him at this deserted spot.

Wait, there was someone skulking up to the barn now! Bill waited until the man was close...and then left his feet in a diving tackle. A moment later, a corking right flattened the man...and then Bill was turning his flashlight on his face.

"Karl Wundt!" Bill grinned in satisfaction. "I knew you'd fall for a note telling me to meet an informer who would give me the name of an Allied agent who was really a Red spy. You were afraid the informer would give you away...and you were right...because you informed on yourself!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Not C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

NOTORIOUS Western OUTLAWS

BUTCH CASSIDY

NOW YUH'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT, GEORGIE...YUH'LL BE A GREAT RUSTLER SOME DAY!



THE INFAMOUS BUTCH CASSIDY WAS BORN IN UTAH IN 1867 UNDER THE NAME OF GEORGE LEROY PARKER! HIS FIRST CONTACT WITH CRIME OCCURRED WHEN HE BECAME THE PROTEGE OF MIKE CASSIDY, A FIRST-CLASS HORSE AND CATTLE THIEF!

MIKE SOON INITIATED HIS PROTEGE INTO THE FINE ARTS OF THIEVERY...AND THE PAIR BEGAN PROWLING ALL OVER COLORADO AND UTAH, RUSTLING AS THEY WENT!

YIPEEE! GIT ALONG THAR!

BANG! BANG!



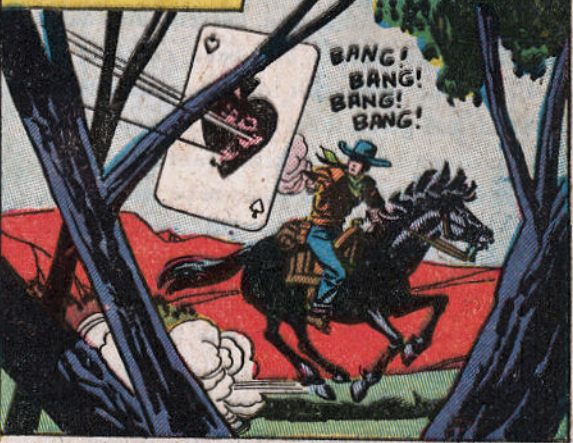
WHEN MIKE WAS FORCED TO FLEE TO MEXICO BECAUSE OF TROUBLE WITH THE LAW, GEORGE CHANGED HIS NAME TO CASSIDY TO SHOW HIS ADMIRATION FOR HIS CRIME-TUTOR...AND SO IT WAS GEORGE CASSIDY WHO THEN JOINED THE MCCARTY GANG TO PARTICIPATE IN HIS FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY!

THIS IS A 'STICK-UP... HAND OVER YORE MONEY AN' JEWELS!



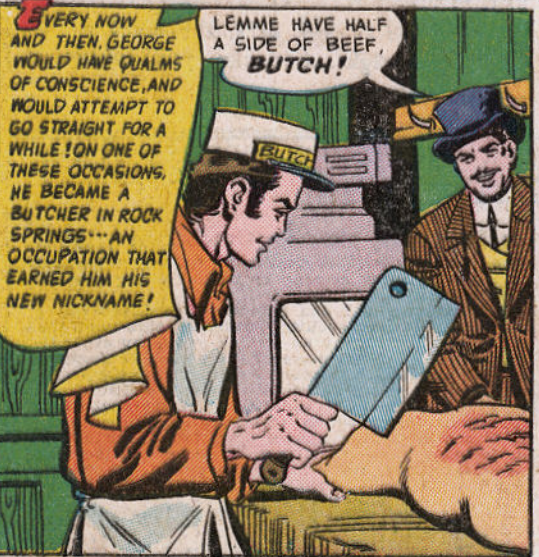
CASSIDY SOON EARNED THE ADMIRATION OF OTHER OUTLAWS IN STAR VALLEY, WYOMING...A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW HIDEOUT! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD GALLOP AT TOP SPEED PAST AN ACE NAILED TO A TREE AND PLANT FOUR TO SIX SLUGS RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE CARD!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!



EVERY NOW AND THEN, GEORGE WOULD HAVE QUALMS OF CONSCIENCE, AND WOULD ATTEMPT TO GO STRAIGHT FOR A WHILE! ON ONE OF THESE OCCASIONS, HE BECAME A BUTCHER IN ROCK SPRINGS...AN OCCUPATION THAT EARNED HIM HIS NEW NICKNAME!

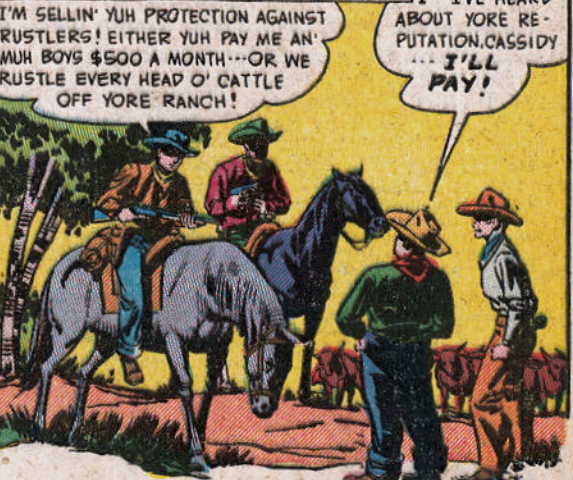
LEMME HAVE HALF A SIDE OF BEEF, BUTCH!



THE NAME OF BUTCH CASSIDY STUCK...BUT BUTCH DIDN'T STICK TO HIS PEACEFUL WAYS FOR LONG!

I'M SELLIN' YUH PROTECTION AGAINST RUSTLERS! EITHER YUH PAY ME AN' MUH BOYS \$500 A MONTH...OR WE RUSTLE EVERY HEAD O' CATTLE OFF YORE RANCH!

I...I'VE HEARD ABOUT YORE REPUTATION, CASSIDY... I'LL PAY!

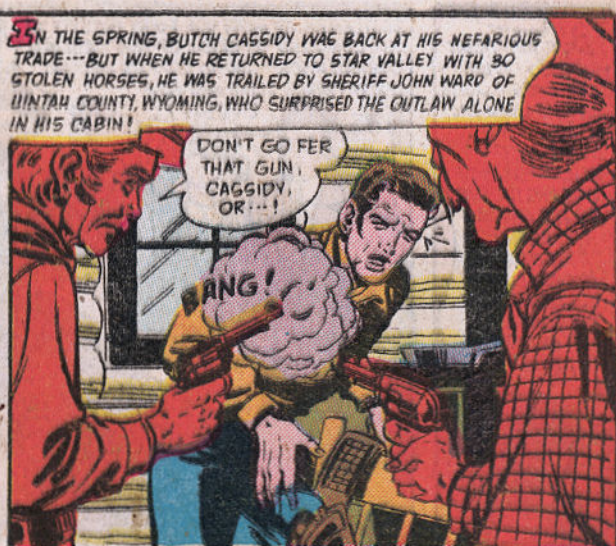




THAT BUTCH HAD HIS GOOD SIDE HAS PROVEN WHEN HE RODE DAY AND NIGHT FOR OVER FIFTY MILES THROUGH THE HOWLING BLIZZARD OF '92 IN ORDER TO BRING MEDICINE TO A SICK WOMAN...

GOD BLESS YOU, SON!

SHUCKS, MA'AM. 'TWAREN'T NOTHIN'!



IN THE SPRING, BUTCH CASSIDY WAS BACK AT HIS NEFARIOUS TRADE... BUT WHEN HE RETURNED TO STAR VALLEY WITH 90 STOLEN HORSES, HE WAS TRAILED BY SHERIFF JOHN WARD OF UINTAH COUNTY, WYOMING, WHO SURPRISED THE OUTLAW ALONE IN HIS CABIN!

DON'T GO FER THAT GUN, CAGSIDY, OR...!

BANG!



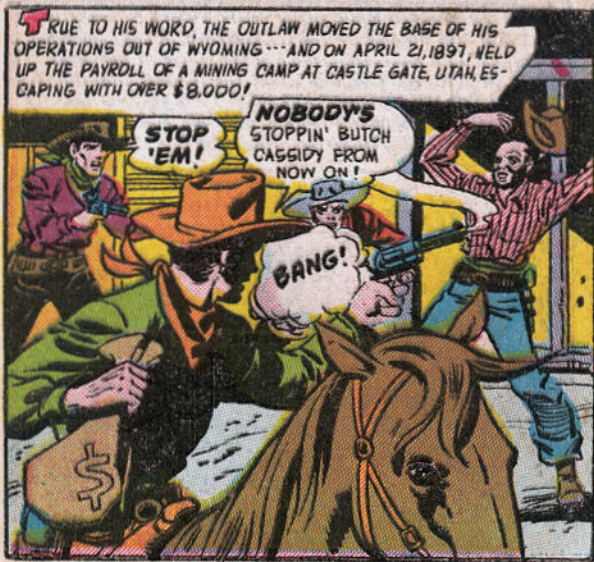
THE SHERIFF'S BULLET ONLY CREASED BUTCH... AND THE OUTLAW WAS TAKEN TO LANDER, WHERE HE WAS TRIED AND CONVICTED FOR HORSE-STEALING! AND ON JULY 15, 1894, HE ENTERED THE PEN AT LARAMIE CITY AS NO. 187!



BUT TWO YEARS LATER, CASSIDY ASKED FOR A PARDON, THREATENING THAT HIS OUTLAW FRIENDS WOULD TEAR THE STATE APART UNLESS HE WERE RELEASED!

I CAIN'T PROMISE I'LL GO STRAIGHT, 'CUZ I HATE TUH BREAK PROMISES! BUT I WILL PROMISE NOT TUH BOTHER THE STATE O' WYOMIN' AGAIN IF I'M PARDON-ED!

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE IN THIS STATE, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT PARDON, CASSIDY!



TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE OUTLAW MOVED THE BASE OF HIS OPERATIONS OUT OF WYOMING... AND ON APRIL 21, 1897, HELD UP THE PAYROLL OF A MINING CAMP AT CASTLE GATE, UTAH, ESCAPING WITH OVER \$8,000!

STOP 'EM!

NOBODY'S STOPPIN' BUTCH CASSIDY FROM NOW ON!

BANG!



OUTLAWS BEGAN FLOCKING TO JOIN THE FABULOUS CASSIDY GANG... AND WHEN BUTCH HAD ENOUGH MEN, HE FORMED THE "TRAIN ROBBERS' SYNDICATE" WHICH HELD UP DOZENS OF TRAINS IN THE WILD WEST!

THAT DYNAMITE WE PLANTED ON THE RAILS SHORE DID THE TRICK! LET'S GO, BOYS!

BOOM

BUT THE TRAIN ROBBERS' SYNDICATE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE WHEN THEY ATTACKED THE "UNION PACIFIC" RAILROAD, WHICH WAS PROTECTED BY THE FAMOUS PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY! AT A CONFERENCE OF THE AGENCY'S TOP DETECTIVES IN DENVER---



GENTLEMEN, WE MUST USE EVERY FACILITY AT OUR COMMAND TO BREAK UP THIS CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION--AND TO CAPTURE GEORGE LEROY PARKER, ALIAS **BUTCH CASSIDY!**



FINALLY, WHEN THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LAW OFFICERS MADE THINGS TOO HOT FOR THE SYNDICATE---

BOYS, THE WEST IS BECOMIN' TOO DURNED CIVILIZED! WHEN YUH CAN'T EVEN RUSTLE A HERD OR ROB A TRAIN ANYMORE, IT'S TIME TUH PUSH ON---AN' I'M HEADIN' FER THE ONLY RANGE THAT'S STILL WIDE OPEN --- **THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS!**



BUT BEFORE LEAVING THE STATES, CASSIDY TRIED TO CLEAR HIS NAME WITH SOCIETY! BOLDLY, HE STRODE INTO THE OFFICE OF A UTAH JUDGE---

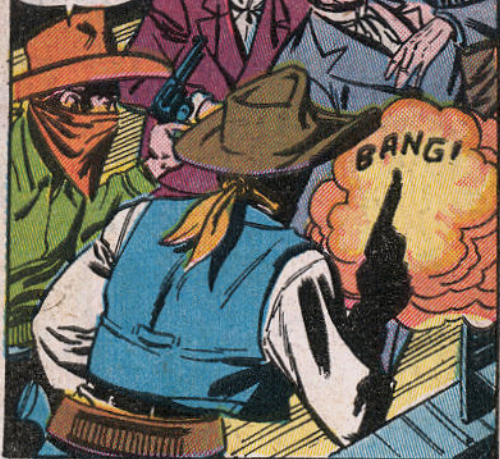
IF I SURRENDER TUH THE LAW, JUDGE---WHAT ARE MUH CHANCES FOR A PARDON?

NONE! CASSIDY---NOT WITH A MURDER CHARGE HANGING OVER YOUR HEAD! AND EVEN IF YOU WERE PARDONED FOR THE CRIMES ALREADY ON THE BOOKS, EVERY CATTLEMAN IN THE STATE WOULD RUSH TO FILE NEW CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

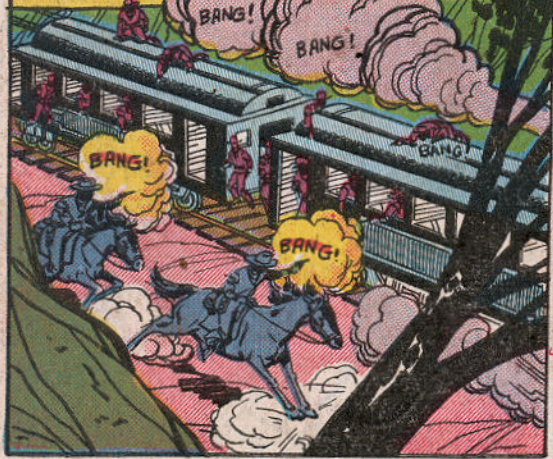
IN ORDER TO GET STEAMSHIP FARE TO SOUTH AMERICA, BUTCH AND HIS SIDEKICK, THE SUNDANCE KID, HELD UP THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA!



CUT OUT THE GHOOTIN', KID---IT'S **DINERO** WE'RE AFTER, NOT CORPSES!



THE LOOT WAS OVER \$30,000, AND AN AROUSED POSSE LEFT WINNEMUCCA BY TRAIN, FIRING AT THE BANK-ROBBERS, WHO WERE FORCED TO USE THE ROAD THAT PARALLELED THE TRACKS!



BUT THE BANDITS MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE BY SHOOTING HOLES IN THE BOILER OF THE LOCOMOTIVE, THEREBY BRINGING THE TRAIN TO A HALT! THEN, WHILE EVERY POSSE IN THE WEST WAS COMBING THE BADLANDS FOR THE DARING DUO, BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID MADE THEIR WAY TO NEW YORK---AND ON FEBRUARY 20TH, 1901, SET SAIL FOR BUENOS AIRES ON THE **S.S. SOLDIER PRINCE!**

NICE DAY, MR.---ER---PLACE, AINT IT?

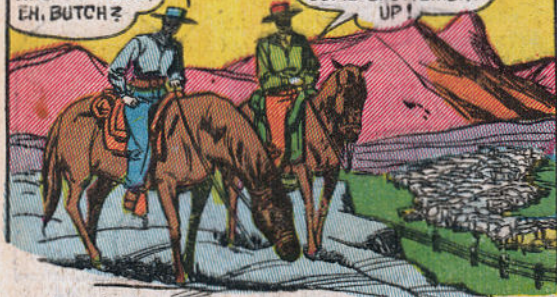
KEERECT, MR.---ER---RYAN!



ONCE IN THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS, THE TWO OUTLAWS USED THEIR LOOT TO BUY A LARGE RANCH AND STOCK IT WITH HERDS OF SHEEP, CATTLE AND HORSES! BUT SOON RESTLESSNESS SEIZED THEM...

KINDA QUIET AROUND HERE, EH, BUTCH?

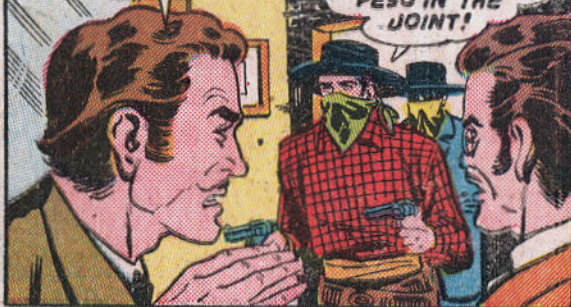
YEAH--LET'S STIR SOME EXCITEMENT UP!



SO, ONE MORNING IN MARCH, 1906, TWO YANKEES ENTERED THE BANK OF THE NACION IN THE PROVINCE OF SAN LUIS...

BUT--BUT SEÑORES--SUCH THEENGS ARE NOT DONE HERE--!

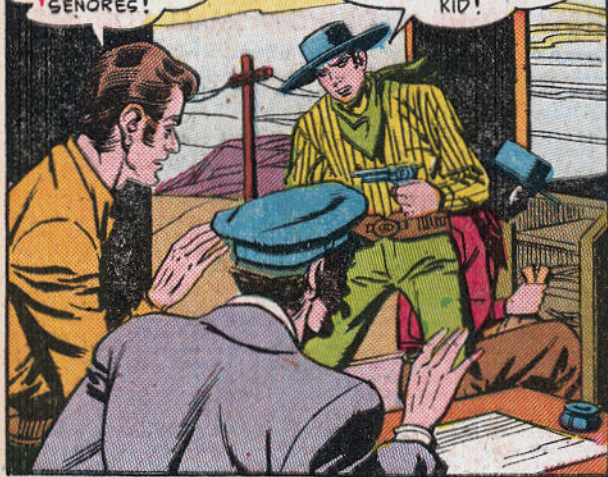
FROM NOW ON THEY WILL BE! HAND OVER EVERY PESO IN THE JOINT!



THEN, USING THE SAME TECHNIQUES THAT HAD WORKED SO WELL BACK IN THE STATES, BUTCH AND THE KID HELD UP THE BOLIVIAN RAY TRAIN AT THE EUCALYPTUS STATION...

BUT--BUT SUCH A THEENG IS UN-HEARD OF HERE, SEÑORES!

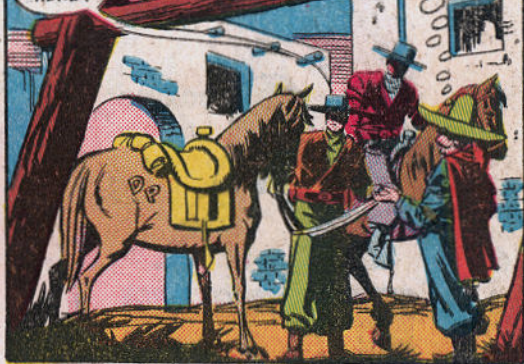
THE WHOLE COUNTRY'LL BE HEARIN' PLENTY ABOUT IT SOON ENOUGH! HURRY UP WITH THE LOOT, KID!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE YANKEES STRUCK IN THEIR TWO-MAN LATIN-AMERICAN CRIME WAVE! BUT BUTCH'S PROPENSITY FOR HORSE STEALING PROVED TO BE HIS UNDOING--FOR ONE DAY AS THE WESTERNERS PULLED UP AT AN INN IN THE BOLIVIAN VILLAGE OF SAN VINCENTE...

HOLD THESE HORSES FOR US, AMIGO, WHILE WE GRAB A MEAL HERE!

POR DIOS--THE BRANDS ON THESE HORSES--THEY BELONG TO THE DOM PEDRO RANCH! THESE MEN ARE THIEVES!



THE PEASANT REPORTED HIS SUSPICIONS TO THE COMMANDER OF A NEARBY BOLIVIAN CALALRY POST--AND AN HOUR LATER...

SURRENDER, SEÑORES--AAGHH!

IT'S THE LAW, KID--SLAP LEATHER!



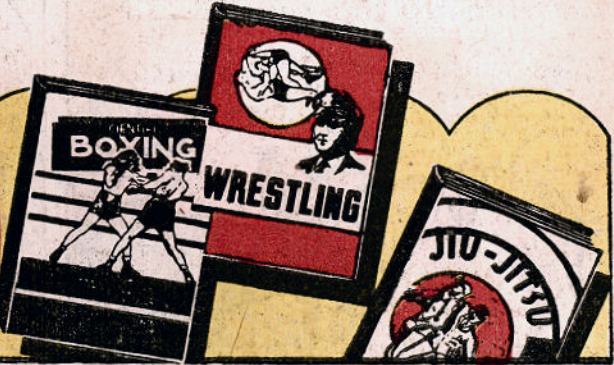
WITH BLAZING GUNS, THE OUTLAWS DROVE THE TROOPS OUT OF THE INN--AND THE DEADLY BATTLE RAGED ALL THROUGH THE AFTERNOON AND NIGHT!



TOWARD MORNING, AFTER TWENTY SOLDIERS HAD BEEN KILLED AND OVER THIRTY WOUNDED BY THE SHARPSHOOTERS FROM THE WILD WEST, THE SHOOTING SUDDENLY DIED OUT--AND WHEN THE TROOPS CAUTIOUSLY ENTERED, THEY REALIZED THAT THE OUTLAWS HAD KILLED THEMSELVES RATHER THAN BE CAPTURED! BUTCH CASSIDY HAD COME TO THE END OF HIS BLOODY TRAIL!



Be the
MASTER
not the slave!
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE



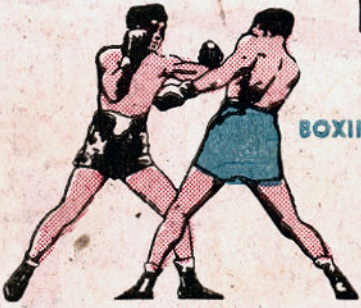
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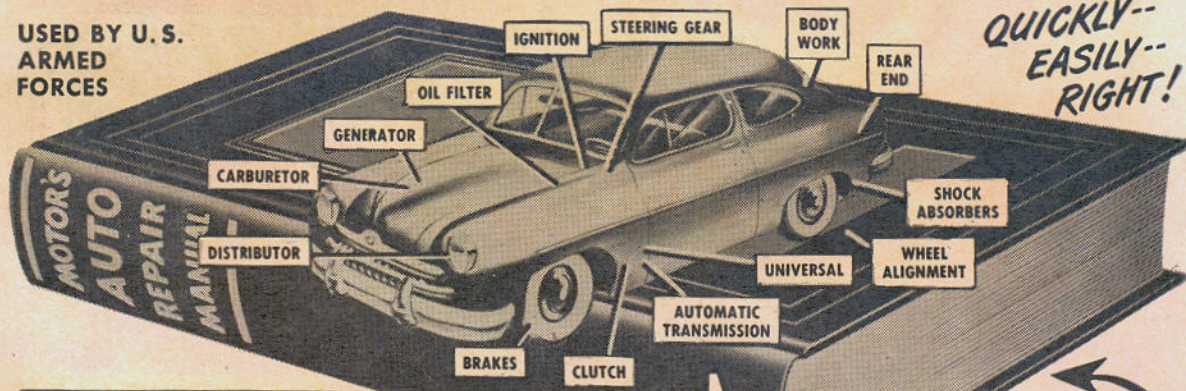
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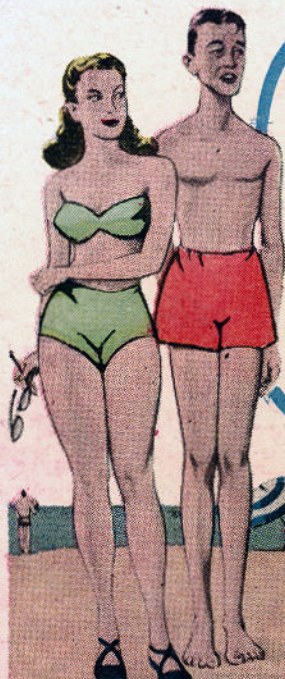
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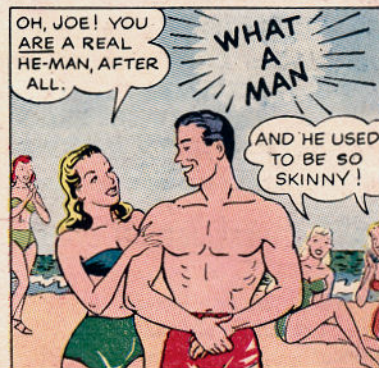
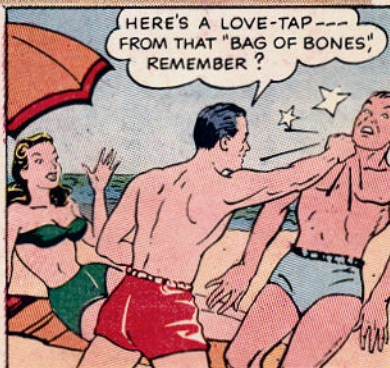
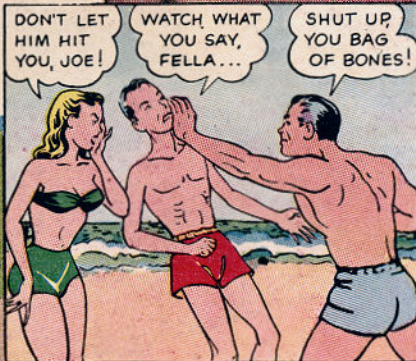
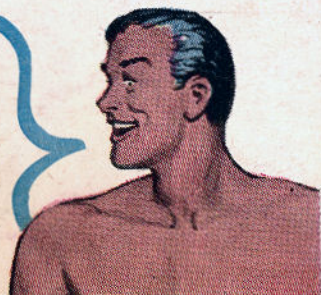
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I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title. "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system. "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But **FREE**

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy **FREE**. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 2Q, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2Q
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.

Send me — absolutely **FREE** — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____